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CONTENTS.

Father Thomas Burke, O.P.

The Landing of St. Augustine. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.

The Second Spring. By Cardinal Newman.

Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 6:—

Moothoosawny.

The Story of a Snakebite.

Garcia Moreno, President of Ecuador. By T. J. Gerrard.

Persecution. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.

Bessie's Black Puddings; or, the Bible Only. By the Rev. F. M. de Zulueta, S.J.

The Truth about Convents. By James Britten, K.S.G.

FATHER THOMAS BURKE, O.P.¹

(1830—1883.)

NICHOLAS ANTHONY BURKE was born in the city of Galway on September 8, 1830, and was baptized on the 10th of the same month, the Feast of St. Nicholas of Tolentino, after whom he was called, the name Anthony being added because of his mother's devotion to that saint. His parents, Walter Burke and Margaret Mac-Donough, were poor in this world's goods, but rich in virtue, and devoted themselves to the training of their children. Walter Burke was a baker by trade, the "Master of the Rolls," as his son used to call him. An ill-natured critic once pronounced Father Burke's sermons to be "flowery." "No wonder I am *floury*," he replied, "was not my father a baker?"

As a child, Nicholas was delicate but full of spirit, and early showed that love of music and power of mimicry which later distinguished him. His fondness for playing pranks and practical jokes more than once got him into trouble, and he received in consequence many severe chastisements from his mother, who regarded such corrective acts as sacred, and always began them with prayer. "Direct, O Lord, our actions, and carry them on by Thy gracious

¹ This biography is mainly based on—(1) *The Life of Father Burke*, by William J. Fitz-Patrick, F.S.A ; (2) *The Inner Life of Father Burke*, by a Dominican Friar of the English Province (3) *Lectures and Sermons*, by Father Thomas Burke, O.P. (P. M. Haverty, New York).

assistance," she would gravely say to the terror of her delinquent son. "When I saw my mother enter the room, make the sign of the Cross, and solemnly invoke the light of the Holy Ghost to direct her, I knew I could expect no mercy," said Father Burke; "I never got such a beating as that directed by the Holy Spirit, and I have never forgotten it." At times, by way of variety, the word "*direct*" was changed to "*prevent*." "But it never *did* prevent," adds Father Burke, "down the lash always came."

From his boyhood, Nicholas was wonderfully observant and entered heartily into his studies. He was early sent to school in Galway under Brother Paul O'Connor, of the Brotherhood of St. Patrick. His veneration for this holy man may be gathered from his own words: "Amongst the proudest recollections of my life is that I was monitor in Brother Paul's school, and that month by month I went to him to answer the inquiry, 'whether I had attended my monthly confession and communion,' and how he taught me that next to the God that made me, I should love the old land of my birth."

Thence he was sent to a school kept by Dr. O'Toole, where, owing to his retentive memory and great diligence, he made rapid progress. Some considered that his love of joke and fund of wit were such as to preclude the possibility of a vocation; but a sound spirit of practical piety underlay his exuberant spirits. Though a wild boy, he knew where to draw the line, and it is not surprising that his more intimate companions were convinced he was destined for the priesthood. "Here now is Father Nicholas for you," his grandmother had exclaimed at his baptism, and that he might eventually be such was his mother's constant prayer.

A severe attack of typhoid fever, at about the age of fourteen, was the crisis in his life. For days the issue was extremely doubtful, and, on recovering, Nicholas determined to devote his remaining years to the service of God alone. It is interesting to learn that the example of Daniel O'Connell had a share in developing his vocation. "He contributed largely to

make a priest of me," Father Burke once said, "for amongst the things that made a deep impression on me as a boy was when I stood in the chapel of Galway to see the great O'Connell coming to eight o'clock Mass in the morning, kneeling amongst us, and receiving Holy Communion, to watch him absorbed in prayer before God ; to read almost the grand thoughts that were passing through that pure mind ; to see him renewing again before Heaven the vows that bound him to religion and country."

It is also probable that the Irish famine of 1847 helped to fix his mind and heart on the priesthood. The scenes he witnessed deeply impressed his imagination and filled him with serious thoughts. "I have seen," he tells us, "strong men lie down in the streets, and, with ashy lips, murmur a last cry for food, and faint away and die. I have seen the dead infant lying on the breast of the dead mother as she lay by the wayside. I have seen the living infant trying to draw from the breast of the mother who was dead sustenance for its infant life. O God, in Thy mercy, let me never again see such sights! If I were to live a thousand years, never could I banish them from my memory or shut them out from my eyes—no, nor their dire effects. The storm at length passed away, bearing on its wings millions of Irish victims and exiles, and leaving Ireland stunned by the greatness of her ruin. There seemed no hope for the nation. Ruined homesteads, abandoned villages, impoverished towns, workhouses filled to overflowing, prisons crowded with political prisoners, hospitals unable to hold the victims of cholera which came in the wake of war and famine ; trade and commerce destroyed, industry paralysed, a population wasted by disease and privation, scarcely able to realize life after such awful contact with death, and crushed by separation from so many loved hearts."

This event and its consequences thus graphically described had, we feel sure, their part in sobering young Burke's mind and fixing his thoughts on the priesthood. From his boyhood he had been under

Dominican influences, and the union of active with contemplative work in that Order attracted him forcibly. The generous sacrifice of his pious parents he thus beautifully describes: "I think of the old woman in Galway who had no one but me, her only son; I think of the old man, bending down towards the grave, with the weight of years upon him; and I think of the poverty that might stare them in the face when their only boy was gone; and yet no tear was shed; no word of sorrow was uttered; but, with joy and pride, they gave up their only son to the God that made him."

Being accepted as a postulant of the Dominican Order, Nicholas started for Perugia in the winter of 1847, passing through Rome and Assisi on the way. He was kindly received by Father Massetti, then Novice-Master, and was clothed "in St. Dominic's white wool" on December 29, 1847, receiving in religion the name of Thomas, after St. Thomas Aquinas, the angelic doctor. Though often "penanced" for breaking the rule of silence and for whistling his favourite Irish airs, he passed admirably through the novitiate as his novice-master attests, "showing himself devout in practices of piety, attentive in choir and the services of the altar. He was ever lively and joyous, and kept his companions cheerful by his healthy conversation and pleasant stories."

During his two years at Perugia, he gained a thorough mastery of Italian. Shortly after his profession in January, 1849, he received minor Orders from Pope Leo XIII., then Bishop of Perugia, and went to the Convent of the Minerva at Rome to begin his studies. He now made his first acquaintance with the *Summa* of St. Thomas, a book that he loved and knew most intimately. "When reading the *Summa*," he said, "one's faith seems lost in vision, so clearly does every point stand out."

In Rome at this time he met Cardinal Wiseman, who was much struck by him. "That young man," he said, "has a wondrous power of inspiring love: he will be a great priest some day."

We must now turn our attention to England, which was soon to be the scene of Father Burke's labours. The English Dominican Province, now resuscitated, became possessed, in October, 1850, of Woodchester Convent, near Stroud, with Father Augustine Procter as prior and novice-master. "Unaccustomed as he had long been, owing to the disturbed state of the Province, to the life of regular observance, Father Procter's ideas of the *régime* adapted to novices were strict in the extreme, in spite of the real kindness of his externally rugged nature. He himself was an admirable example to all, and kept the rule in all its bare austerity; but his strictness was certainly in excess of that of Santa Sabina in Rome, though the common opinion about it is much exaggerated, and has perpetuated a totally wrong impression of this heroic and saintly man." With a view, therefore, to putting matters into a satisfactory state, the Master-General, Father Jandel, paid a visit of inspection to Woodchester in the August of 1851. "This is all very well," he said, as the result of what he found, "but you are not living according to the spirit of St. Dominic. I will send you a young man from Santa Sabina who is thoroughly competent to expound the constitutions." This "young man" was Brother Thomas Burke, who was now appointed pro-novice-master of the English province.

In 1851, therefore, Brother Burke left Rome for England, "attired more like a smuggler than a friar." The money allowed him for his journey was insufficient, and he reached London penniless. While sitting at Paddington, cold and faint, thinking of Rome and the convent he had left there, a porter, to whom he explained his case, thrust a hunch of bread with a bit of herring under his nose, saying: "Here, poor devil, eat that!" At last he thought of one of the Fathers of the London Oratory, whom he knew slightly, and from whom he received means to finish his journey. The railway did not then, as it does now, go beyond Stonehouse, some miles from Woodchester, and a long walk still awaited him. When

at length he reached the convent, the Prior had retired to rest, and the new-comer was taken for a robber. "Nay, I am Brother Thomas from Rome," he said. The door was then opened, and he entered on his new sphere of work October 4, 1851.

His position was certainly not one to be envied. A young and inexperienced man, sent by the General to mould the community in the ways of regular observance, he was naturally regarded with some suspicion by Father Procter. Both, indeed, loved the rule, but each looked at it from a different point of view. Father Procter aimed at exact observance according to the letter; Brother Burke, too, aimed at exact observance, but as interpreted by Father Jandel and the advocates of observance abroad. In a word, they did not understand each other.

The young novice-master felt this keenly, but persevered in his task, and met with some measure of success. Though strict with his novices, so that the weekly chapter-of-faults made them tremble, he was loved by them, and they keenly relished his exquisite daily exhortations. "He was quite at home with us," writes one of them, "and seemed to understand us so well, and we revered and loved him in the most genuine manner."

In 1852 Brother Burke was ordained sub-deacon and deacon at Oscott by Bishop Ullathorne, and shortly after went to Galway on a visit to his parents. The tonsure was not then worn in Ireland, and one day as he was standing deacon at High Mass, some one exclaimed, "What a shame to let that young man officiate, just after putting the fever off him!"

On returning to Woodchester he seemed more accustomed to his work and brighter in his spirits. He now began to preach, but his early efforts gave no promise of the future orator. "He wrote out his sermons carefully, word for word, and took great pains in preparing them. He used to preach with his eyes shut, and showed great timidity. He would rehearse his discourse before others, and then ask them what to change, and with childlike docility took their advice."

On Holy Saturday, March 26, 1853, he was ordained priest by Dr. Burgess, Bishop of Clifton, and next day said his first mass at Woodchester. He now took charge of the neighbouring mission of Nympsfield, where great ignorance on religious subjects prevailed. With one farmer in particular he had many a talk, and just as he hoped that some impression was being made, the farmer said, "Yea, friend, but be the Bible true?" Further discussion seemed hopeless.

In addition to this and his work with the novices, Father Burke was still studying theology under Dr. Pozzo, then regent of studies at Woodchester, with a view of taking his degree as "Lector," at the same time reading much general literature. It is said, indeed, that, except when going to class, his theology was rarely seen in his hand, yet he always knew the lesson, having diligently studied the *Summa* in Rome, and at his *Defensio in universâ theologiâ* on August 3, 1854, he acquitted himself admirably.

Before the end of that year, 1854, Dr. Russell, then head of the Irish Dominicans, recalled Father Burke to Ireland, there to found a novitiate and house of studies. He had been only three years at Woodchester, but so deeply had he made his mark, that to this day his very form seems familiar, and time cannot obliterate either his presence or his work.

The Irish novitiate had hitherto been at San Clemente, in Rome, but for many reasons it was advisable to have one in Ireland, and Tallaght, seven miles from Dublin, a place of great historical interest, was chosen for the purpose. Father Burke arrived there early in 1855, to begin a work similar to that which he had so ably accomplished at Woodchester. An admirable description of him at this period is given by Father Power, O.P., one of his novices: "I can never forget," he writes, "the impression his ascetic appearance made upon me as he entered the parlour to greet me and three other postulants for the Order. His tall, graceful, and attenuated figure, his stern, rigid face shaded by the

cowl over his head, his hands folded under his scapular, and the deep, sonorous voice, all presented to my gaze the living image of a vigorous ascetic Dominican. On our way to the novitiate, he turned round to the thinnest lad in the group, and said, 'My boy, we must feed you!' In our recreations he was buoyant and enthusiastic, but no one could be more severe if he saw the least deliberate neglect or violation of rule. Daily he addressed us in homilies on the spiritual life and the spirit of St. Dominic, each of them a masterpiece of touching eloquence."

The neighbourhood of Tallaght at this time was in a state of great spiritual destitution, but Father Burke, by his simple, earnest preaching, but above all by his example, infused fresh life into the place, and before long even daily communicants were to be seen, and a larger ciborium had to be purchased. He preached often, and all felt his power. He was surnamed "Savonarola," and soon began to attract wide attention. In September, 1859, he preached his first famous sermon, on Church music.¹ It was said that an unknown mine had been discovered, and from that day to the end of his life he was ever fulfilling the ministry of preaching.

Of the next five years (1859-1864) there is nothing special to record. He preached frequently and gave many retreats, sometimes even twelve in a year, and in these was heard to especial advantage, for they were marked by an exquisite adaptation to the special needs of those whom he addressed. In 1863 he gave two successful missions in Sheffield and Manchester, and was made Prior of Tallaght. In 1864 the first stone of the new convent at Tallaght was laid, and Father Burke preached on the occasion; but before the end of the year he left for Rome, having been appointed Rector of San Clemente. He quite expected not to preach again for three years, but thought "he would get into the pulpit from time to time, when the church was closed and bawl a bit,

¹ "Music in Catholic Worship": (*Sermons and Lectures*, p. 344).

just for 'auld lang syne,' as he put it." In 1865, however, Cardinal, then Doctor, Manning, was summoned to England to the death-bed of Cardinal Wiseman, in the midst of his course of sermons in the Church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, and Father Burke undertook to complete the course. He also preached the Lenten conferences at Sta. Maria dei Monti and Sta. Maria degli Angeli, in the Corso, and many consider these sermons to be among his best.

Father Mulooly, O.P., was at this time busy with his excavations and discoveries at San Clemente. He and Father Burke were warm friends, and the subterranean church seemed to have an equal interest for them both. Nothing, indeed, gave Father Burke greater pleasure than to show visitors over it. Towards the end of his stay in the Eternal City, he was talked of for the post of Coadjutor Bishop of the Port of Spain. This was the first, but by no means the last, bishopric for which he was proposed, but to his great joy he escaped them all, and lived and died a simple friar. He could already plead ill-health as an excuse, for the painful disease, which at length killed him, had asserted itself.

He returned to Ireland at the end of 1867, and the following year gave a large mission at Lincolns-inn Fields, in London. His confessional was crowded, and he described the severity of the strain by saying "it wore threadbare two pairs of Blarney cloth garments which he had just bought."

In May, 1869, the remains of Daniel O'Connell were removed to the crypt beneath the tower at Glasnevin, and Father Burke, now at the height of his fame, pronounced the oration on the occasion in the presence of some fifty thousand spectators. It occupied two hours in delivery, and is one of his finest efforts.¹ The moment it was over, without waiting to receive the thanks of all, he hurried to the hospital to attend a poor widow who wished to see him before she died. He walked the hospital wards, eagerly scanning each bed, and was about to

¹ See *Sermons and Lectures*, p. 34.

enter another room, when he heard a feeble voice utter his name. She was so emaciated that he had failed to recognise her. "Father," she said, "I waited for you." He gave her the last Sacraments, and she died in his arms.

The Vatican Council began in 1870, and the Bishop of Dromore selected Father Burke to accompany him as his theologian. While in Rome he preached in Sta. Maria del Populo, and attracted large congregations. Again he was talked of to be Coadjutor Archbishop of San Francisco. It is amusing to find that Father Burke attributed his escape from this dignity to his habit of mimicry. One evening, so the story goes, the Bishop of Dromore deprecated his exuberance of spirits as unworthy of the priestly dignity. "If it were not for this blemish," he said, "there is no distinction to which your talents would not entitle you." Father Burke replied, "I have often heard *you*, my lord, express regret that you had ever been made a bishop. If you had followed my example, and had a little more fun in you, that burthen would never have been laid upon you." The Bishop and his theologian returned to Ireland before the conclusion of the Council, after an absence of seven months. In June, 1870, Father Burke was appointed Sub-prior of St. Saviour's, Dublin, and preached a triduum to celebrate the dogma of the Pope's Infallibility.

The following year (1871) was a specially busy one for him : in the course of it he gave 21 retreats and preached 172 sermons. As each retreat lasted seven days and he preached four times each day, his aggregate amounts to 760 sermons for that one year. In this year, too, he was summoned to Ghent to attend a general Chapter of the Order for the revision of the Constitutions. He was soon to visit the convents of the Order in America, and preached a series of farewell sermons in Dublin, concluding with a visit to his aged parents in Galway, to receive from them what might prove to be a last blessing. His father, indeed, died before he returned.

Father Burke's visit to America constitutes the most

busy and glorious period of his life, and the way he passed through it shows how deep was his grounding both in virtue and in learning. All the past seems but a preparation for it. He expected to be absent only a few weeks, but did not return to Ireland for nearly eighteen months. He purposely selected a vessel with a large number of steerage passengers, and, to their great joy, had free access to them and heard upwards of three hundred confessions on the voyage. He preached to them many times, and being asked to preach to the saloon passengers, accepted only on condition that the steerage should be allowed to be present. Indeed, he spent the greater part of his time with them, cheering the emigrants and encouraging all to be true to the faith in their new home across the Atlantic.

On arriving in America, he worked for some weeks as "visitor" in the convents of Kentucky and Ohio. Though he shrank from all public notice, the country soon rang with the fame of his eloquence, and his name was on the lips of all. In March, 1872, he gave three lectures, and preached the Lenten discourses at the Church of St. Paul in New York. This large edifice was quite unable to hold the crowds that flocked to hear him; labourers going direct from their work, carrying their dinner-cans; merchants coming from business to hear him—in fact people of all classes eagerly waiting until the doors were opened. Four or five hours before a sermon or lecture, every place was filled and the approaches besieged by crowds seeking for admittance. The calls upon him were incessant, and he satisfied all he could, while not neglecting the main object of his visit.¹ One morning two nuns sat in the parlour at St. Vincent Ferrer's, New York, waiting patiently until they could catch Father Burke

¹ In the volume of *Sermons and Lectures*, we have six sermons preached in the month of March, 1872, viz.: "The Catholic Church the Mother of Liberty" (March 3rd), "The Catholic Church, the Mother and Inspiration of Art" (March 10th), "Panegyric of St. Patrick" (March 17th), "The Christian Man the Man of the Day" (March 22nd), "The Groupings of Calvary" (March 24th), "Christ on Calvary" (March 29th).

as he passed out. At last he came, hurried and pressed, and could only say : "No, no, Sister, I cannot do it." They burst into tears and said : "Well, it is the will of God, but we are very poor." Father Burke at once replied, "There, that will do, Sister, I will try to manage it." And of course he *did*.

An amusing anecdote is told of a difficulty he had in giving one of his lectures in New York. There was a private door to the platform of the lecture-hall, but Father Burke, forgetting this, tried to make his way through the crowd at the main entrance. After being jostled about for some time, he got hemmed in between some pillars and a big Irishwoman. At length he said : "My good woman, will you let me get past you?" "Don't bother me," was the reply ; "are *you* better than any one else?" "Well," said Father Burke, "there won't be any lecture if I can't get in ; I'm Father Burke." "*You*, Father Burke," she exclaimed disdainfully, giving him a thrust with her elbow, "go to the devil !"

The strain of overwork was beginning to tell upon him, and in the summer of 1872 an attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs necessitated a period of rest. For many weeks past, he had frequently preached three times in one day, and in churches some distance apart. "Tired is not the word," he had to confess in describing his state ; "I can only compare my case to Ned Burke's dog during the famine : they had to support his back at the wall to enable him to bark." But his rest was a short one, and in September he addressed at Boston an audience of 40,000 people, the largest ever assembled in the New World. He also visited St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, and many other towns. In New Orleans he gave four lectures and a most successful mission. So large were the congregations, that he had to address them in the open air from the steps of the Cathedral. Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm. The people of the New World appreciated him to the full, and he himself said he could never speak elsewhere as in America. "In Columbia I am a free man, and will speak my soul."

But his greatest achievement was yet to come. Mr. Froude had arrived in America to give the lectures embodied in his work: *The English in Ireland*. He had come, as he said, to appeal to an American jury for a verdict in justification of England's occupation of Ireland, and of her administration of the affairs of that country. Had he been successful or unopposed, the result would have been to sow dissension between Anglo and Irish Americans. Yet to refute him was no easy task, and there was nobody in the country equal to it. Mr. Froude had a brilliant reputation: he was bold, plausible, and a consummate master of English style. Moreover he came with his lectures already composed, having had both leisure and resources for their preparation. Father Burke, who was asked to undertake the reply, had little time for preparation and only such books as were lent him, and was, moreover, sadly out of health. "I have no books here," he said, "and no time to get up the subject." A friend gave him the run of a well-stocked library, and for some days Father Burke devoted himself to this unexpected task, and then felt ready for the fray.

The issue must be briefly told. Public opinion was excited, and the result of the controversy watched with interest by all. In five lectures Father Burke ably and courteously refuted Mr. Froude and vindicated Ireland's claim to the sympathy of all lovers of freedom. The lectures were delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, in the month of November, 1872, to audiences of five thousand people. And now the ovations with which Father Burke was everywhere received, reached the ears of the Vicar-General of the Dominicans, Father Sanvito,¹ and he, fearing for the humility of his subject, bade him return to Ireland. During his stay of eighteen months in America, besides performing his duty as "visitor," Father Burke had given four hundred lectures, ex-

¹ Father Jandel died in 1872, while Father Burke was in America. Father Burke held him in great veneration and undertook to preach at a *Requiem* sung for him at New Orleans, but was too ill to do so.

clusive of sermons, the proceeds of which amounted to nearly £80,000, and were devoted to relieve churches and convents from debt, and to endow charities and hospitals. He loved America and felt at home with its people. "If ever a voice," he said, "shall tell me to return into your midst, it will fall most welcome upon my ears. I recognise the greatness of a priest's mission in this land—to work with such men as surround me here. How joyfully would I lend myself and my labours to the building up in this land of a glorious future for Catholic Irishmen."

On the 7th of March, 1873, he reached Ireland, and was received with enthusiasm. The people knew and valued his work on their behalf in America, and hailed him with gratitude. The town officials, clergy, and chief inhabitants of Queenstown went to receive him, and as he stepped ashore a tremendous cheer arose, which was followed by an address. Father Burke was quite overcome, and, having knelt to receive the blessing of Dr. Russell, O.P., rose to reply. "I suppose," he said, "I am expected to say something." Here his voice faltered and tears rolled down his cheeks. After a few moments of silence he resumed: "I can't say anything. Don't ask me—for God's sake, don't ask me! I am in the presence of Him at whose altar I serve. I have reached the land I have been longing for. I can say no more." Thus closed his American career—a time of triumph indeed, but of hard, incessant work, and he returned much broken in health, to face ten more years of toil and pain.

We may pause here to take a closer view of Father Burke's inner life and character, which deserve a careful study. We are attempting a difficult task, for his inner life was so many-sided that few knew him fully, and "his deeper thoughts he gave to heaven."

The world may speak of Father Burke as a good theologian, an eloquent preacher, a brilliant conversationalist, a wonderful mimic, but those who knew him best and cherish his memory with affection, love to remember him as a saintly priest and a

true religious. Herein lay the secret of his success and vast influence for good; by this he was protected from any harm arising from the praise which men so lavishly bestowed upon him: and this is the side of his character that has been much kept out of sight. He put before himself a high ideal of his vocation, and daily strove to live up to it. Never did he preach more beautifully than at clothings of novices or when treating of the religious life and state. "How careful must be the training of the Levites," he said, "whose feet are to tread in the sanctuary and whose hands are to touch the Lord. The priest must be the Church's champion and defender, her true knight, her faithful and loving spouse. No man is so consecrated to his fellow-men as the priest, because he comes to them with a consecration from God. There is no man upon whom the people can rely as they can upon the priest; for, no matter what pestilence may hover in the midst of them, every man may fly, the priest alone must not, dare not, cannot fly, because he is sold to God and to his neighbour. His life is a God-like life: his profession is an angelic profession."

"I never saw him," writes Bishop Brownlow, "out of his religious habit, *and to me he was always the Dominican friar first of all*. His wit, his varied information, his marvellous powers as a linguist, his exquisite taste and tact, his intense delight in music and poetry, all these seemed to me to be in him perfectly subordinated to his character as a priest and a monk." Speaking of Tallaght, which grew under his hand, Father Burke said: "What I have been quietly aiming at all along is to make this convent *a place of holiness and learning*, for prayer is the most necessary of all things for a priest." His whole life portrayed the truth of the saying, "We must practise before we preach." "All the preaching that ever yet was spoken," he said, "never convinced a single man, never converted a single soul, never made one Christian, unless the man who spoke was a living illustrator of the word." His exact observance of the strict rule of his Order was most marked and con-

stant. No matter how fatigued, he was always present at early Matins, and lazy rising he considered the cause of half the tepidity in the world. He never omitted his morning meditation, and used to say that, if faithful to this, we should enjoy all other duties and pleasures twice as much. In a word, "we may take him as a model of what a religious ought to be—humble, obedient, patient, forbearing, kind, and a lover of his rule."

Perhaps the most striking of Father Burke's virtues was his deep humility, with its never-failing companion, simplicity. It was the virtue he loved most, and specially strove to instil into his novices. Knowing that it was exposed to great danger, he ever kept its necessity before his mind, sought eagerly for opportunities of practising it, and indeed devoted his whole life to its attainment. He keenly realized that if he built on his fame and the passing praises of the hour, his spiritual fabric would crumble to ruin. Of his great sermons he spoke as "mere thunder and turf," and, though as a rule badly reported in the papers, never troubled to revise or correct them. His humility it was that chiefly impressed those with whom he came in contact. "Though praised on all sides," writes one, "I never saw a more completely humble man. In no one could a contempt of this world and its honours have been more deeply rooted." He would read over his sermons to his novices and say, "Will that do?" On his way to the pulpit he would request a few "Hail Marys," that "he might not make a fool of himself." He had the greatest dislike of hearing his sermons praised. A nun once ventured to do so, and he gravely replied, "Are you not afraid to tell me that?" and to another who expressed pleasure at one of his discourses he said, "The devil told me that three times already." "Be as humble as a door-mat and as pliable as porridge," was his advice to one about to enter the religious state. His last act at night was to kneel at the prior's knee to obtain his blessing. His religious brethren, who knew him best, testify to his complete self-abnega-

tion, and say the one thing that could bring a cloud to his face was to single him out in any way for distinction.

His obedience, too, was most remarkable. In one of his retreats he said, "The truly obedient religious can say at Judgment: 'Lord, the sins committed before profession, by it have been effaced, and since, acting under obedience, I am not responsible for my actions,' and Christ will close the book and say, 'Thou art right; for thee there is no judgment.'"

His spirit of mortification is shown in part by his careful observance of the rule of his Order, though other instances are not wanting. Often he would preach for over an hour in Dublin, and then return to Tallaght without any refreshment, that he might observe the fast of the Order. He was very fond of smoking, and to smoke would have eased the agonizing pain he suffered towards the end of his life; but for five years before his death he never allowed himself even this indulgence.

It need hardly be said that to Our Blessed Lady and the Rosary he had a special devotion. Three "Hail Marys" formed the immediate preparation for his sermons, and never did he preach more touchingly than on Mary's dignity and prerogatives. There was a ring in his voice, a pathos in his tone, when he spoke of "the holy Mother of God," which made all feel that she was indeed his Mother and he her devoted client. We cannot refrain from quoting the beautiful climax to one of his sermons on the Immaculate Conception: "O Mother mine; O Mother of the Church of God; O Mother of all nations; O Mother who kept the faith in Ireland, that through temptation and suffering never lost her love for Thee—I hail thee! As thou art in heaven to-night, clothed with the sun of Divine justice, with the moon reflecting all earthly virtues beneath thy feet, upon thy head a crown of twelve stars, God's brightest gift, I hail thee, O Mother!" And speaking of the Rosary, he said, "I could sleep

* See *Sermons and Lectures*, p. 285.

without the least fear on the crater of Vesuvius, if I had Our Lady's rosary in my hands." His beads were never from his side by day, he wore them round his neck at night, and it was a common saying among his novices, "There goes Father Burke with his stick and his rosary." His last words before he died were, "Help of Christians, pray for us."

To the crucifix also he had a tender devotion. There was at Tallaght a very beautiful Spanish crucifix. Father Burke, shortly before his death, showed it to a friend, saying, "When my pain is very bad I crawl down here and stand before it, and look at it, and say to myself, 'What are my sufferings compared with His?'" It was from this source and from his great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, before which he would remain for hours in prayer, that he drew his wonderful patience under suffering. Often at recreation with his novices, while narrating some amusing story, he was seized with violent pain, and from the expression of his face one would imagine a sword were piercing his body, yet no word of complaint was heard, and when he recovered a little he would say, "Oh, thanks be to Thee, my God," and then make some quaint remark that made every one laugh.

No truer portrait, however, of Father Burke can be given than he himself has furnished in speaking of Cardinal Cullen. "Amidst all the high duties and praises that surrounded him, the man of God still remained the gentle, meek, humble ecclesiastic. Learning in him, vast though it was, awoke no spirit of intellectual pride; honours aroused no complacency or ambition; injuries stirred up no anger or revenge. Devoted still to constant prayer, fasting, and mortifying his senses, he not only retained the purity of his soul, the simplicity and truthfulness of his spirit, the manliness and honesty of his character; but continued to grow daily in the love of God, in death to self, in humility, gentleness, and meekness. Labour and toil he cheerfully accepted; honours and dignities he as carefully put away from him."

He had a great love for children, and seemed perfectly at home with them. Often he was found amusing them and sharing their play. "I am always happy," he said, "when I am with a little child." The poor, too, had a great attraction for him, and he considered the soundest piety was to be found amongst them. In accepting invitations to preach he always gave preference to the poorer parishes, and has been known to preach for a poor mountain-parish, when a neighbouring prelate vainly wished for him in his cathedral. He dearly loved holy poverty, and said his mission was for the poor.

As a director of souls he was somewhat strict, but his confessional was always crowded. He had a special influence over men, and decided vocations with an insight well-nigh prophetic. He was at once *en rapport* with his penitents. He buoyed them up with his own buoyancy of heart, turned their thoughts away from themselves, filled the diffident with confidence, introduced thoughts of heaven and aspirations after God in so genial and natural a way that virtue became attractive to those who had before shrunk from it, and religion seemed full of cheerfulness and joy when spoken of by one who was himself so cheery and joyous.

It was, however, by his retreats that he specially drew souls to God and left lasting impressions for good. The object of a retreat is thus beautifully stated by him: "You have come here to hear what you are, what your destinies are, what are the designs of the God who made you, and by what means you are to fulfil the grand purpose for which you have been created. You have come to resolve, with the blessing of God, to rise in thought, in hope, in desire, aye, and in the very practice of life, to all that God intends you to be."

We are indebted to Bishop Brownlow for this account of one of Father Burke's retreats:—"My recollections of Father Burke," he writes, "date from October, 1864, when he gave a retreat of ten days to the students of the English College, Rome. I have got the notes of that retreat now. It was admirable in

arrangement, solid in its matter, clear and precise in its theology—every point resting on a definition of St. Thomas—full of happy and telling quotations from Holy Scripture, and every now and then a burst of tender piety, or an appeal to every noble and generous sentiment in the young clerics whom he was addressing. Sometimes, if he saw us looking drowsy in the afternoons, he would cheer us up and rivet our attention by some anecdote or graphic sketch of incidents, that might happen to us in our future priestly life. Some thought his ideal of the life of a priest too highly pitched, but it was what he had set before himself, and he could hold up no lower model to those whom he directed." Indeed, the only thing he really valued was a beautiful soul, and by no process are souls so truly or so quickly adorned with virtue as by a retreat. Here, then, was his opportunity, and he used it to the full.

By letters he exercised but little influence, for he was a bad correspondent, never wrote long letters, and seldom wrote any. We could wish he had written more, and it is strange that a man of such power and zeal for souls should have thus neglected a means of doing good, which holy men and women have at all times abundantly employed.

In stature Father Burke was tall and slim. His thick, black hair surmounted a dark, sun-stained face, with features eloquent of strength and power.

"Lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His look composed and steady eye
Bespoke a matchless constancy."

He possessed a joyous, pure, and noble spirit, simple, unaffected, and sincere. In manner he was winning, frank, and genial, with a flow of pleasant conversation that was wise and witty by turns. The more he was known the better was he loved. He was always cheerful, and could not endure melancholy faces. "There is no law," he said, "that the pious should be dull. We can be Sankeymonious without being Moody." Nothing could put him out

of temper, and his indescribable *bonhomie* enabled him to parry thrusts most good-naturedly and effectively. Once on a journey he had as fellow-passengers a Methodist minister with his wife. The former began laboriously to prove that St. Patrick was a Protestant. Father Burke heard him out patiently, and then said : " Well, well, to think I never heard of that before ! But tell me, was St. Patrick ever known to travel with his wife ? " His method of conveying rebukes, too, was sweetened by his kindness of heart. He once met a man in a train who frequently produced a bottle from his pocket and drank freely from it. It was clear he would shortly become a disagreeable companion, and so the next time the bottle appeared, Father Burke said : " Your mother must have died very early, sir." The man looked at him with astonishment, and he continued, " for it is plain you were brought up by the bottle." Every one in the carriage laughed heartily, and the bottle was seen no more. At the end of the journey the man thanked Father Burke, saying he had never before reached his destination sober.

Father Burke's fund of anecdotes, his repartees, and power of mimicry were remarkable, but in all there was nothing that could offend against charity, and in an instant he could be serious and turn his attention to important work. He knew well that " all things have their season " ; that " there is a time to weep, and a time to laugh ; a time to mourn, and a time to dance " (Eccl. iii. 4). But his thoughts seemed all absorbed by love for his fellow-creatures ; and these outbursts of mirth were only one means employed for this end.

His mother had a place all to herself in his heart. " My mother, the old convent in Galway, and the first dawnings of my vocation," he said, " are built up in my soul together : the first ' my mother,' the most intimate and endearing of all." On his return from America, he said : " I am going to Galway to see the best of mothers." We have seen how carefully she trained him as a child, how gladly she gave

him to God ; and when he was at the height of his fame she daily said her Rosary that he might not be injured by success but retain his humility. "Never mind them, Nicholas, my son," she would exclaim, as laudatory passages about him were read to her from the paper, "they would say the same of any blackguard that came round."

Hand in hand with love of home and parents, went his love for his country. He was proud of Ireland, and knew her history and sorrows intimately. "The master passion of my heart, after the love I have for God and my religion, is my love for Ireland," and among his finest lectures are those descriptive of her national music and poetry.¹ At the end of his famous panegyric of St. Patrick, after telling how Ireland had clung bravely to the Faith through ages of bitter persecution, he thus speaks : "This glorious testimony to God and to His Christ is thine, O holy and venerable land of my birth and of my love ! O glory of earth and heaven, to-day thy great Apostle looks down upon thee from his high seat of bliss, and his heart rejoices ; to-day the angels of God rejoice over thee, for the light of sanctity which still beams upon thee ; to-day thy troops of virgin and martyr saints speak thy praises in the high courts of heaven. And I, O mother, far away from thy green bosom, hail thee from afar—as the prophet of old beholding the fair plains of the promised land—and proclaim this day that there is no land so fair, no spot on earth to be compared to thee, no island rising out of the wave so beautiful as thou ; that neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars of heaven, shine down upon anything so lovely as thee, O Erin."²

Before treating of Father Burke as a preacher,

¹ "The History of Ireland as told in her ruins" ; "The Supernatural Life, the absorbing life of the Irish people" ; "The National Music of Ireland" ; "The Exiles of Erin" ; "The Irish People in relation to Catholicity"—these, with the lectures in refutation of Mr. Froude, are given in the volume of *Sermons and Lectures*.

² Delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, March 17, 1872 (*Sermons and Lectures*, p. 33).

some minor points may be briefly noticed. By nature he was highly gifted. He had a very retentive memory, and was able to recite the entire Psalter by heart, rarely using his Breviary for the offices *de communi* or of the dead. He possessed also a great gift for languages. Dominican Fathers of the Minerva at Rome tell how he would recount the "Arabian Nights" in felicitous Latin to them during recreation. "I puzzled them with two Italian versions of the 'House that Jack built,'" he once said. He was intensely musical, and had a resonant, sympathetic, mellow voice, which he managed so well that not a word was lost in the largest building. For years he sang the Passion on Good Friday most beautifully, and said it would not seem like Good Friday unless he did so. He had also a turn for poetry, though he wrote but little, confining himself mainly to translating the Church's hymns.¹ He was a man of wide reading, and his strong memory enabled him to use fully the stores of information thus acquired. His favourite secular writers were Dickens and Shakespeare. He seemed to know the latter's best plays by heart, and would delight his brethren in religion by not merely repeating but acting them. In preparing his sermons his chief helps were the works of St. Thomas, Father Segneri, and Cardinal Newman, for whom he had a great love and reverence, though they never met. He was also very fond of the works of Father Faber. "What a charm there is," he said, "in everything Father Faber writes!"

In treating of Father Burke as a preacher, we must rely on the testimony of others, for it was never our privilege to hear him. His preaching was the full flow of an apostolic soul, having *persuasiveness* as its chief feature. One felt gradually drawn to adopt the preacher's views, as the only ones compatible

¹ None of these have been printed, and, beyond the volume of *Sermons and Lectures* and the sermon on St. Ignatius, his only published work is his graceful preface to Père Monsabré's *True and False Devotion* (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son). These two great preachers met at Ghent and became close friends.

with truth and good sense. He went straight to a fixed end, and all the road was a track of light. No one could excel him in his power of winning the assent of the conscience and convincing the judgment. Except for his early efforts, he never used a manuscript in preparing a sermon, nor spent many minutes in considering how he would treat his subject. Given a few leading thoughts, all else seemed clear. His immediate preparation was to go to confession, when possible, "simply," as he said, "to keep himself straight"; and so numerous were his discourses and so great the calls upon his time that often he preached with hardly a moment's preparation. "On what would you wish me to preach?" he once said, just before ascending the pulpit. "On perseverance," was the reply, and at once he complied with the request. He preferred the altar-steps to the pulpit, as giving him more freedom. In speaking, he never seemed in a hurry, nor imagined that his audience could be so. Gracefully he rolled forth his sentences, then paused, and leisurely resumed his discourse, which needed this composure to do justice to its nobility of conception and expression. His hearers seemed to *feel* the refreshing power of the stream of thought that rose to his lips from the deep reservoirs of his heart and mind. He touched nothing that he did not adorn. "I listened to his words," writes Miss Rosa Mulholland, "as to a new revelation of beauty and holiness. Colour and vividness were given to half-hidden truths; dusty old facts were clothed with extraordinary splendour; the meanings and purposes of religion took a rich roundness of contour and filled the mind; while the selfish motives and teaching of the world withered into obscurity and ignominy. People came away with Christ's kingdom shining in their hearts, and feeling as if a rare and beautiful picture had been studied, or a rich and original poem had been read, of which the theme was old and familiar, but the imagery, the colour, the music and vigour were new." His tone of reverence in speaking of sacred things, the compassion with which he yearned to help the needy, the fond

entreaty with which he strove to win back the erring, the authority with which he pronounced the Church's doctrines, all were remarkable. Every gesture was dramatic, and not only the tongue and lips spoke, but the eyes and limbs also, so that one said, "If I were deaf I would still go to his sermons." His beautiful voice was a great aid, while its charm gained a unique quality from the musical brogue of his mother-tongue.

Cardinal Manning, who said that Father Burke had the grandest talent a man can possess, namely, that of "popularizing theology," has left this testimony to his preaching. Writing after Father Burke's death, he says: "And now we shall no more hear that eloquent voice, eloquent because so simple, for in all he spoke for God. He remembered God and forgot himself. It was the eloquence not of study or self-manifestation, but of a great soul filled with God and speaking for God. The whole man spoke, and yet in the pathos and beauty and light of what he spoke we never remembered the speaker. He concealed himself, as it were, and therefore moved and swayed the hearts of those who heard him."

But to resume our narrative. The last ten years of Father Burke's life were years of unremitting toil, of constant pain, of frequent preaching, but marked by no striking incident. In 1873, after his return from America, he preached often in Dublin and in Cork, also at the dedication of Armagh Cathedral, and at the opening of St. Dominic's, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It was proposed to make him Coadjutor Archbishop of Trinidad, but again he escaped the dignity. Though suffering acutely from an aggravated form of hernia, he worked unceasingly, and his list of engagements showed one at least for every day, fully ten months in advance.

In July, 1875, he wrote during a short rest in Galway: "I have been ailing much since January, but managed to preach the Lent in Dublin, though always in pain, and staying in bed almost every day till evening. After Easter I gave a retreat in Cork, preaching three sermons a day, and that finished me.

I came down to Galway in April, and after a month of great suffering, finding myself no better, went to Dublin, and was attended by the three first physicians of the city. They found me suffering from internal ulceration and inflammation of the mucous membrane, but had hopes of my recovery. Long and perfect rest, with proper food and medicine, will, they say, bring me through the present crisis. I feel myself that, with God's help, I shall recover." But his progress was slight, if any, and in January, 1876, he wrote from Tallaght: "I am, they tell me, getting better: I don't feel it, but suppose it is all right. The life here suits me: quiet, silence, Gregorian chant *ad libitum*, and reading. Of course prayer comes in under each head. I preach here on festivals to a delightful congregation of rustics. It does not injure me a bit." His superiors, alarmed at his state, urged him to pay a short visit to Rome. He accordingly went, but though he revived somewhat on the way, was for some weeks unable to see the many friends who called upon him. "Father Mulooly," he said, "is trying to keep me alive, but in three months I shall be under the sod." He soon returned to Ireland, and his answer to an invitation to preach, shows how little his health had improved. "If I am able, I will preach for your poor children, but I must be much stronger than I am now. I am afraid to undertake anything, as it is a day up and a day down with me at present." His doctor, said to him: "Three years will be the extent of your life. Do all the good you can in that time." His respites from pain were few. Once he said: "I have been three days without pain. I don't know myself or feel right without it. I think I must pray for a little." At Christmas of this year (1876) he preached a course of sermons in Dublin, and the degree of Doctor of Divinity was sent to him from Rome. In 1877, in spite of continued bad health, he preached often in Dublin, also at Kircubbin, Belfast, Achoney, Glasgow, Cork, Clonliffe, Drogheda, and Kilbeggan, besides giving some retreats. He also preached at the consecration of Dr. McCabe as

Assistant Bishop of Dublin. "I was in such agony the whole time," he said, "that I could have thrown myself from the pulpit. I felt as though I stood upon a bucket, and that the Angel of Death was about to kick it aside"; and then he added in his happiest vein: "That reminds me of a tiny preacher who always stood on something of the kind to enable his flock to see him. He was giving his text, 'In a little time you shall see Me, and in a little time you shall not see Me,' when lo! the bottom fell out, and the preacher was lost to sight."

Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, and a great friend of Father Burke, died in the November of this year, and Father Burke preached his funeral oration at Killarney, and finished the year's work by delivering the Advent sermons in St. Saviour's, Dublin.

Again in 1878 he was busy preaching in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Galway, Newry, Youghal, Bray, Fermoy, Drogheda, Kingscourt, and Waterford, besides two discourses on Pope Pius the Ninth, who died this year. There was prospect of his being raised to the episcopate of Galway, and priests and people alike were anxious to have him as their bishop, but he begged off, saying: "If, as a friar, I am not able to discharge my duties, how much more unfit would I be to perform those of a bishop?"

In 1879, he seemed for a time to take a fresh lease of life, but was suddenly stricken down by his disease, and for three months confined to his room. To a friend who visited him, he said: "I do not remember to have spent a happier time." An operation was performed and showed him to be suffering from a long sinuous ulcer. A rest at Kingstown gave him strength for a journey to Galway, to assist his aged mother on her deathbed. But his pain continued with great severity. "Are you suffering now?" one asked him. "Yes, indeed," was the reply, "it is my constant companion." Still he wished to die in harness, and went to Cork to give a retreat. He gave many retreats about this time, but did not preach so often in public.

In the July of 1880 he preached his famous ser-

mon, "St. Ignatius and the Jesuits," at Farm Street, London. "With great pleasure I will preach ;" he wrote in answering the invitation, "to do so will gratify an unsatisfied desire of my heart." The Jesuit Fathers declared that this sermon threw fresh light on the history and work of their founder, and wisely urged its publication.¹

So busy had Father Burke been in helping others, that the church at Tallaght had been neglected. But in 1882, the General of the Dominicans ordered him to replace "the old outhouse and barn" by a proper building, and he at once took steps in this direction. In March of this year he wrote : "I am up to my eyes in business connected with the new church and in great and constant pain, so that I have to spend more than half my time in bed." Somehow but little advance was made, and in May he again wrote : "Very badly does it progress ; I fear that, sick as I am, I must go to America again." However, on October the 1st, the corner-stone of the new church was laid, and Father Burke preached on the occasion. Though suffering "in every nerve and fibre except his eyebrows," as he said, he preached at the enthronement of Cardinal McCabe, also a panegyric on St. Paul of the Cross, and sermons at Dundrum, Lanark, Glasgow, Swords, Salford, and Liverpool.

We now come to the last year of his life (1883). He was again Prior of Tallaght, and in February was to have preached in Dublin on behalf of its new church, but was too ill to do so. In April, after preaching and lecturing in Liverpool, he went for a short time to Rome, but returned to Tallaght in May.

The new Dominican church at Haverstock Hill, London, was to be opened on May 31st, and Father Burke had promised to preach on the occasion. He determined to do so, though warned it might cost him his life. "I will go even if I die on the

¹ *St. Ignatius and the Jesuits*, a Sermon preached in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, Farm Street, London, on the 31st of July, 1880, by Father Thomas Burke, O.P. (London, Burns and Oates).

way," he said. "My Fathers in England will know then that I had at least the will to help them." Five times during the week of the opening did he occupy the pulpit, rising from his bed each time to do so. His life seemed to hang by a thread. "I have felt ill for years," he said, "but never as I do now. I don't think I shall get over this. Well, perhaps it is natural that as I began my priestly life in England, I should also end it there." To one of the Fathers who pointed out the great number of panes in one of the windows, he replied: "I tell you there are not nearly as many panes in that window as in my poor body." On the Sunday in the octave of the opening he preached twice, in the morning on the conversion of sinners, in the evening on the Blessed Sacrament. "Say a 'Hail Mary' that I may succeed," he said to one of the Fathers, "I have not a word prepared." And after the sermon, he added: "I felt quite proud that I could put two sentences together without breaking down. It is just as if a red-hot knife were twisting about in my side." Yet never had he preached more beautifully. "I fear you are very ill," a friend said to him. "I am always ill," he replied, "but like a sick cat, I can still mew."

Indeed his disease was among the most agonizing known to medical men. "I do not know," his doctor said, "how he can endure it. But when you tell me that he goes about preaching, I am more than astonished—it is a miracle."

"Yet all the time I was with him," writes Father Procter, O.P., "I never heard him complain once. When seized with the pains, his features became pinched, and his whole frame convulsed, but the only word that escaped his lips was the ejaculation, 'My Jesus, mercy.' He was much disturbed because I would not let him say his office. One day he appealed to the doctor and asked to be allowed to say it: and he prevailed, the doctor allowing him 'to say a little at a time.' When the doctor had gone, the patient laughed at me in triumph and said: 'Ah, you old Saxon, you thought you would get your own way as your countrymen have done for so many

centuries, but I *did* you. Give me my breviary, please, and don't argue against me again in that sneaky way.' He was too ill to joke much, but when for a moment free from pain, would tell me a comic story. One day he sat up in bed and began to sing, and then said : 'Well, that is a sign I am better ; I was never so quiet in my life as I have been during these days. See if I don't give a *séance* in honour of my nurse before I leave for Ireland, positively the last appearance of Father Burke.' "

He was glad to get back to Tallaght in June, for he loved Ireland and wished to die there. The new church was not progressing, and he felt this keenly. "Not a farthing is coming in," he writes ; "as I feel a little better, I intend to make some effort to get money for the building." But only once was he able to leave his bed after arriving home. A touching appeal to preach on behalf of 5,000 starving children of Donegal had been made to him, and he longed to comply, but was so weak and racked with pain, that he felt the task an impossible one. Three times the pen fell from his hand as he was about to decline, and bethought himself of the starving little ones of the poor of Jesus Christ, while a voice kept saying to him, "What is one life compared to that of five thousand ? "

Accordingly he undertook the sermon. Brother Joseph, his constant companion, went with him from Tallaght to Dublin, and feared he would die on the way. On arriving at St. Francis Xavier's, Gardiner Street, Father Burke said to the porter : "This will be my last sermon. Let me into this room and be sure you send no one to me." His state of agony was manifest to all as he mounted the steps of the pulpit. He took for his text the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, and as he began to speak, a thrill passed through all present, and the fascination of his tongue was felt once more. "One short week," he said, "then Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday pass by, on Thursday the grave opens and these little ones must perish, unless aid be given."

"Who that was present," writes Judge O'Hagan,

"can forget that closing scene, when, with bent and broken form and faltering footstep, Father Burke ascended the pulpit to plead the cause of the starving children? Never in the brightest days of his career were his words more tender and impressive. But every feature told of the approaching end. He had gathered together what remains of life and fire were left within him, to do this last act of charity and pity."

On the way home the carriage had to be stopped three times owing to the severity of his pain. He kept on ejaculating, "Jesus, have mercy on me." Then he said, "Say the Rosary, and I will answer as well as I can."

Fresh physicians were called in, but to no avail, and death could not now be far distant. For Father Burke it had no terrors. "Thank God," he said, "I have lost all physical fear of death. I feel the weight of my sins and infirmities more than ever, and have, if possible, a greater fear of the judgment of God, but all dread of death itself has gone. Oh, won't the exchange be beautiful, won't it be lovely when the end comes!" Some time before he had said: "The fervent soul is rejoiced at the approach of death. She fears God, but loves Him still more. We should always live in the presence of death: we should frequently offer our lives to God in expiation for our sins, accepting death in spirit as to its time, place, and manner. As good religious, our life should be a daily death. Oh, may we die a death of perfect conformity to our vows! May we die in Thee, O Jesus, and in Thee, perfectly poor, being stripped of all things; chaste, by the pain and mortification of every member of Thy sacred Body; and above all may we die a death of obedience like Thee, who wast 'obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.'"

For some days, Father Burke lingered on in great agony. "On Sunday, July 1st, the morning before his death, he received for the last time the sacraments of Holy Church. It was most touching to hear the aspirations of love and faith, which he uttered as the ciborium was uncovered. In accents that be-

tokened his lively faith, he would every moment say, 'O my Lord and my God!' 'O my dear Lord.' And then turning to the Father Sub-Prior and his devoted children, who knelt around the bedside of their dying Father, he asked, in words of deep humility, their pardon, as well as that of all the members of the Order, and of all whom he might have offended. During the day, a faint hope comforted us that the danger might pass away, but, as the shades of evening began to fall, we learned that the end was fast drawing near. His agony increased with every stroke of the clock, his expressions of faith, hope, and charity growing stronger in proportion as his heart grew weak. About three o'clock in the morning of Monday, July 2nd, rapid knocks sounded on the doors of our cells, and a brother entering exclaimed—'To the Prior's cell!' All was over; our Father had gone to join the angelic choir. The consciousness of his eternal happiness calmed our sorrow. Yet the scene was penetratingly sad, for there lay the remains of one whom we loved as a father."

Such, in the beautiful words of a Dominican Father, was the death of Father Burke on Monday, July 2, 1883, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

For two days the body lay in state and was visited by thousands. The funeral, though honoured by a great concourse of bishops, priests, and laity, was conducted with the simplicity that Father Burke loved so much. The completion of the church at Tallaght was rightly deemed the most fitting monument to his memory, and among the first subscribers were the children of Donegal, for whom, when starving, Father Burke had so nobly pleaded.

May the life and virtues of this holy son of St. Dominic, his humility, his spirit of penance, his zeal for souls, be reproduced in the priests of all lands! May the lessons he so eloquently and so constantly taught be manifest in the lives of all children of the Church! And may this brief sketch have its humble share in making him better known and more truly loved!

The Landing of St. Augustine.

BY THE REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

THE thirteen hundredth anniversary of the landing of St. Augustine falls in the present year (1897), and preparations for celebrating it with due honour are in the course of making. It is fitting, therefore, that the Historical Series should contribute its quota towards interesting the Catholics of England in so impressive an occasion.

The work of St. Augustine, it must always be remembered, was not the introduction of Christianity into the country now called England, but its introduction among the English people. There was a previous British race of inhabitants of the land, the predecessors of the present Welsh, Cornish, and Breton populations. It was they whom the Romans conquered, and to them the Christian religion had been announced long before. What the first origins of British Christianity were cannot now be ascertained with certainty, although there is abundance of evidence to show that they had been reclaimed from heathenism several centuries before the coming of St. Augustine. But about the middle of the fifth century the Anglian tribes, which had for long previously been a constant terror, commenced their more systematic invasions, and from that time onwards for more than a hundred years the land was delivered over to the horrors of a most barbarous war, which ended apparently only by practically

clearing the country of its British occupants, vast numbers of them being cruelly massacred, and the remainder betaking themselves westwards to the territories of their present occupation.

Gildas, a writer of the next century, has left us an account of these terrible times, distinct, not indeed in any record of definite facts, but in its portrayal of the general character of what was then happening. Canon Bright has condensed this almost contemporary description in a graphic summary, from which we may avail ourselves of a small portion.

The blow was struck, at intervals through a century, by invaders as ferocious as they were energetic, of whom a contemporary Gallic Bishop says that the Saxon pirates were "the most truculent of all enemies," and that they made it a point of religion "to torture their captives rather than to put them to ransom," and to sacrifice the tenth part of them to their gods. The idolatry which had its centre in the worship of Woden and of Thunor was sure to render its votaries doubly terrible to a Christian population. Hence it is that we have to read of devastations which Gildas cannot relate without being reminded of the Psalms of the captivity. In his declamatory verbiage we see, clearly enough, a grim picture of flashing swords and crackling flames, of ruined walls, fallen towers, altars shattered, priests and Bishops and people slain "in the midst of the streets," and corpses clotted with blood and left without burial; of the "miserable remnant" slaughtered in the mountains, or selling themselves as slaves to the invader, or flying beyond the sea, or finding a precarious shelter in the forests.¹

In this way the land became once more a pagan land, for its former altars were all either thrown down or converted into pagan temples, and its new

¹ *Early English Church History*, pp. 22, 23.

occupants were not only pagans, but the bitterest enemies of the Christian name. That such a people, almost before the blood of their British foes had dried upon their swords, should bow the neck in willing obedience beneath the Christian yoke, and that, before another half-century was over, their country should become a home of faith and a nursery of sanctity, exciting the admiration of the entire Christian world, was nothing less than a miracle of grace, and we may well ask how it was wrought.

Three men stand out among the rest as the chosen instruments which God employed in laying the foundations of English faith—Gregory, Augustine, Ethelbert ; but of these three St. Gregory is the one whose personality, in the records left behind, is by far the most distinct. Indeed, of all the Popes there is perhaps no single one who has portrayed himself so much to the life as he has done in his multitudinous letters. These letters reveal him to us as a man of vast energy and enterprise, a born ruler, whose eye was attentive to every quarter of his world-wide jurisdiction, and who knew well how to watch over its varied spiritual interests. But they reveal him to us also—and this is what was so distinctive in him—as a man of the largest and tenderest heart. His was just the kind of heart which the spectacle of the British boys in the Roman slave-market, viewed doubtless with unconcern by the many, could not fail to stir deeply, leaving on it an abiding impression. The story has been often told, but this account would be incomplete without it. Let it be told therefore in the words of its earliest relator, Venerable Bede.

It is said that, on a certain day, when, in consequence of the recent arrival of some merchants, a great store of things were offered for sale in the forum, and large numbers had gathered there to buy, Gregory himself came amongst the rest, and perceived amongst the goods for sale some boys, noticeable by their white skins, fair countenances, and the beauty of their (flaxen) hair. Gazing on them he asked, so it is said, from what land or region they had been brought, and he was told that they were from the island of Britain, where the inhabitants were all of this type. Again he asked if these islanders were Christians, or still infected with the errors of paganism. It was answered that they were pagans. Then, drawing a long sigh, he exclaimed: "Alas! that the author of darkness should possess men with such bright faces, and that such grace of front should bear within minds destitute of internal grace." Again he asked for the name of this people, and was told that they were called Anglians. "It is well," he rejoined, "for they have the face of angels, and it behoves such as they to be the co-heirs of angels in Heaven. What is the name of the province from which they come?" "The people of their province," was the answer, "are called Deirians." "That too is well," he said—"Deirians, snatched from the ire of God (*de ira Dei*) and called to the mercy of Christ. And how is the King of that province named?" He was told that he was named Ella, and, playing upon the word, he exclaimed, "Alleluia (*Ella-luia*), for the praise of God our Creator must be sung in those parts."

This event may possibly have happened before 578, when Gregory was sent to Constantinople as *Apocrisiarius*, or Papal representative at the Imperial Court, but most probably it happened after his return, and therefore between 583 and 588, this latter being the recorded date of the death of Ella of Deira. Gregory was at the time Abbot of the Monastery of St. Andrew, on the Cœlian Hill, a monastery which he had formed out of his own family palace, for he was of senatorial rank. His first impulse,

after seeing the English boys in the market-place, was to petition the reigning Pope (who, if the incident was after 583, must have been Pelagius II.), that he might himself be sent to the distant island. Pelagius acceded to his pressing desire, and he took his departure at once, but with the utmost secrecy, fearing lest that should happen which did, in spite of his precautions, thwart his purpose for the time. The Romans were indignant at the loss of one in whom so many hopes were reposed, and they constrained the Pope to have the fugitive brought back.

Shortly afterwards (in 590) Gregory himself succeeded to the Pontificate, and we may be sure that even from the first he was mindful of his cherished purpose. Yet it was not till about 595 that he found himself able to select a little band of Benedictine monks, whom he took from his own Monastery of St. Andrew, and despatched on the mission which he would have gladly undertaken himself. A sufficient explanation of this delay might be sought in the disturbed state of civil and ecclesiastical affairs nearer home, but Gregory may also have been waiting for an opportune moment, which, until 595, did not offer itself. Ethelfrid, the "Devastator," as Nennius calls him, the fierce invader who, some twelve years later, defeated and massacred the Britons at Bangor Iscoed, was then reigning in the northern district, from which the Anglian boys had been taken. Whilst he lived, the hopes of a successful apostolate in those parts might well have seemed poor, but in the Jute kingdom of Cantia, or Kent, a spontaneous desire to learn something of the religion of Jesus Christ had been felt, and apparently an

application had been made to the neighbouring priests either of Gaul or of the Britons, and the knowledge of it reached the ears of Gregory. It is possible he may have learnt it from St. Gregory of Tours, who, if we can trust his non-contemporary biographer, visited his Roman namesake about this time. This Saint was well acquainted with Queen Bertha's mother, and may have been the instructor of her own youth. But in any case Pope Gregory did learn the good news, for he tells us so himself in his letter to the Frankish Queen Brunehild, and likewise, in almost the same terms, in his letters to the boy Kings of Burgundy and Austrasia. To Queen Brunehild he writes: "We make known to you the news which has reached Us, that the English race, by the permission of God, desires to become Christian, but that the priests who are their neighbours show no solicitude for them." It is not difficult to infer what had happened. Ethelbert had married a Frankish Princess, Queen Bertha, who, herself a Christian, had taken with her as chaplain a Bishop named Luidhard, and probably also some Christian attendants. The request for aid doubtless proceeded from these two, supported by some, few or more, whom they had succeeded in winning over to a desire to know more of a religion which so edified them in its adherents. To the pre-existence of this desire to hear we may ascribe much of the ease with which the missionaries gained their entrance into the country.

The man whom Gregory chose to be the leader of his missionary band was the Prior of his Monastery of St. Andrew's. Augustine's personality is not, as

has been acknowledged, very distinctly portrayed to us in the records which have been preserved to us, and the same must be said of St. Ethelbert. But this is very different from saying that there was no strong personality in them. No one indeed has supposed otherwise of St. Ethelbert, who could hardly have attained to the overlordship of the island unless he had possessed a considerable force of character. The same argument is obviously applicable to St. Augustine, whom, however, in their reluctance to recognize anything good in an "Italian emissary," Anglican writers are never tired of running down. Thus the late Mr. Haddan, in a passage the unfairness of which is a serious blot on his otherwise high reputation as an historian, permits himself to write thus :¹

If any man ever had greatness thrust upon him, with which, Malvolio-like, he did not know how to deal, that man was Augustine of Canterbury. The Pope and his missionary remind us of nothing more forcibly than of some Arnold or Moberly trying by mingled rebukes, advice, and warning, to get a timid and awkward boy to act his part properly in the semi-independent sphere of prefect or monitor. "Scarcely able to tear himself from the side of the truly great man on whom he leaned—shrinking back from exaggerated difficulties the moment he found himself alone—delaying on the threshold of his enterprise an unreasonable time, yet strangely ignorant, at the end of this delay, of the true position of the Celtic Churches,² already in the land to which he was sent, and still needing interpreters to enable him to preach to his future flock—asking with solemnity the simplest of questions, such as a novice might have settled without troubling the Pope, a thousand miles off, about the matter³—catching too readily at

¹ *Remains*, p. 42.

² It is rather Mr. Haddan who was ignorant of it.

³ What St. Augustine sought was not so much information, as authority to act.

immediate and worldly aids to success¹—ignoring altogether the pioneers whom he found at work before him²—and sensitively proud and unconciliatory towards supposed rivals³—Augustine has one claim to our respect, that of a blameless and self-denying Christian life.”

Mr. Haddan continues in the same unwarrantable strain, for which Canon Bright does well to condemn him. He forgets that had St. Augustine been such as he imagines, he could never have achieved so striking a success or have acquired the reputation which he bore among his contemporaries, who handed it down to future ages.

St. Augustine and his companions started on their journey somewhere about the opening of 596, and soon got as far as Provence. Here, however, they heard a description of the character of those to whom they were sent which filled them with consternation. “Smitten with a sluggish fear [says Bede], they bethought themselves of returning home instead of approaching a barbarous, cruel, and unbelieving race, whose language even they did not know.” They were not slow in determining to beg for a release from their charge, and sent back Augustine, their leader, to seek it of the Pope. But Gregory was not prepared thus at the very outset to forego the execution of his purpose, and he knew how to communicate his own burning zeal to his disciple. Augustine returned to Provence with a revived courage, which

¹ It was only common sense to avail himself of Ethelbert’s influence with his subjects, and Bede tells us that the missionaries had exhorted the King to be careful not to force them into embracing Christianity.

² Bishop Luidhard, to whom this criticism refers, may have been dead for aught we know.

³ That is, the British Bishops, but here also Mr. Haddan is drawing from his imagination, not from the facts.

he was able in his turn to communicate to his companions. In this he was powerfully aided by the letter which he bore with him :

It were better (wrote St. Gregory) not to enter upon good deeds than to turn back from them when begun. Let not then the fatigue of the journey, nor the tongues of evil-speaking men affright you ; but with all earnestness and fervour continue, under the Divine directions, what you have begun, knowing that if the labour is great the glory of the eternal reward will be greater still. . . . May the Almighty God protect you by His grace, and permit me to see the fruit of your labours in our everlasting country ; so that, as I cannot toil with you, I may at least share with you the joy of the reward, for I do indeed wish that I could share the toil. God keep you safe, most dear sons.

We have seen how an arm-chair critic can make light of the dangers which struck a momentary terror into the hearts of the missionaries. If, however, we bear in mind what Gildas has told us of the ferocity of the Saxon tribes, and the way in which they had raged against the British priests and their altars ; if we reflect also how exactly it resembled that of the various barbarian races which had overrun and devastated the southern regions through which the missionaries were then passing, we can realize how fearful must have seemed the prospect before them, and how calculated to make even stout hearts quail. We ought also never to forget that what has enabled the Christian heroes of all time to surmount obstacles terrible to flesh and blood, is not mere natural courage, but the strength from on high which is often best "perfected in weakness." It was in this strength that the apostles of England picked up their courage once more and resumed their journey.

It was in the summer of 596 that they made their second start, for the letter from St. Gregory just quoted is dated July 23, 596. It was necessary, however, to winter in Gaul, where they had letters to deliver to the princes and prelates whose aid would be of value, and thus their arrival in England was not till the spring of 597. Bede's account of the landing places it in the Isle of Thanet: "On the east coast of Kent there is an island called Thanet, of considerable size, containing, according to the customary computation of the English, six hundred families; it is separated from the mainland by the Wantsum, a river some third of a mile broad, which is fordable only in two places, for it has two outlets into the sea. At this spot landed the servant of the Lord, Augustine." It is well to have a distinct idea of the place, where, according to a very probable theory, the landing took place. The River Stour, rising near Ashford, and flowing through Canterbury, eventually passes under Richborough Castle and by the outskirts of Sandwich, in the neighbourhood of which town it discharges its waters into Pegwell Bay. In old times it had also an outlet dividing off a few miles to the west of Minster, and running northwards into the sea just to the east of Reculvers. This second outlet, which together with the first makes Thanet into an island, is now represented only by a small brook, but in former days the two outlets broadened into a wide channel called the Wantsum. Richborough and Reculvers were the two Roman fortresses guarding its southern and northern entrances. On the Thanet side of the channel, a little to the east of Minster, is a farm on somewhat higher ground than the sur-

rounding marsh, which is still called Ebbs Fleet Farm. In the days of St. Augustine it must have been the end of a low promontory, forming on its western side a small cove. It is here that, according to the most accepted theory, Augustine and his party landed.¹

Having landed, the missionaries at once sent messengers to King Ethelbert, to announce that they "had come from Rome, and had brought good news, which offered to all who would listen an assurance of eternal joys in Heaven and a kingdom without end in fellowship with God, the Living and the True." The answer was that for the time being "they should remain where they were in the island, and that all their needs should be supplied until he could resolve what he should do with them." This further resolution was not long delayed. "After some days [says Bede] the King came over to the island, and taking his seat in the open air, bade Augustine and his companions to come there to meet him." He chose the open air, in the superstitious belief that, if the visitors were intending to practise upon him by magic arts, their intentions might by this means be frustrated. Presently they came, as Bede beautifully puts it, "trusting not in the power of evil spirits, but in the power of God, carrying a silver cross as their standard, and a picture of our Lord and Saviour painted on a wooden tablet, whilst they sang

¹ Thorne, however, a Canterbury chronicler of the fourteenth century, tells us the landing was at Richborough itself, which he speaks of as "in Thanet;" telling us that the spot was yearly visited by pilgrims on St. Augustine's feast. To this, as the Canterbury tradition, some weight must attach, though it is not so easy to see how Richborough could have been in Thanet.

processional litanies, supplicating God for the salvation both of themselves and of those for whom and to whom they had come." Bede does not mention it, but a later writer, on the faith of an account professing to come from an old man whose grandfather had been baptized by the Saint, tells us that he was a man of tall stature, towering head and shoulders over the people. The same account also speaks of the impression made by his mild and reverend countenance. We can understand, then, how lively an impression was made upon Ethelbert and his attendants by the solemn and heart-elevating spectacle. Ethelbert was a prudent man, however, and wished to yield only to the conviction which is born of careful consideration. "Your words are fair," he said, "and so too are the promises you announce; but they are new and uncertain, and I cannot therefore assent to them to the abandonment of the beliefs which I and all the English have held for so long." He added that he well understood the kind intentions which had brought them from so far, and that he would see therefore to their hospitable entertainment, and would be glad to let them receive into their Church all whom they could convert.

The scene of this interesting meeting, perhaps the most interesting that has ever taken place on English soil, cannot be identified with absolute certainty. If the landing was at Richborough, the meeting must have been there too. If it was, as we have supposed, at Ebbs Fleet, there is high probability to recommend the spot where the late Lord Granville recently erected a memorial cross. This is in a field

not half a mile north-east of Ebbs Fleet Farm, and just in front of the Cliff End Farm. By one walking from Minster to Ramsgate by the lower road, it will be found on his right hand, just after he has passed under the railway-arch, and it is quite close to the line, so as to be easily visible from the train. In the days of St. Augustine it must have been just at the water's edge, and therefore quite where we should expect such an interview to have taken place. The field seems formerly to have been named Cotmanfeld ("Field of the Man of God"), a name which in part survives in that of the neighbouring farm, which is called Cottington.

Quickly after the meeting at Ebbs Fleet the missionaries responded to the royal invitation, and took their departure for Canterbury. They must have gone along the old Roman road, which started from near Richborough, and have thus approached the royal city from the hill on which still stands St. Martin's Church. There were as yet none of the later glories of the city for their eyes to admire, but they saw it before them as the city which the Divine will had confided to their zeal, and, lifting up the emblem of salvation once more, they entered it with a chanted prayer, to the efficacy of which its later glories may surely in large measure be attributed: "We beseech Thee, O Lord, in Thy mercy to take away Thy wrath and Thine indignation from this city and from Thy holy house, for we have sinned. Alleluia."

The little Church of St. Martin just mentioned is a still more interesting topographical link between us and our first Apostle than the place of his confer-

ence on the sea-shore. How far the present structure can be referred to the Roman period, and so be identified with the building which St. Augustine found standing, is a point which has been much disputed. But there can be no doubt, especially after the quite recent discovery of a Roman arch and window in the west wall, that some portions go back as far. With what feelings then must we ever regard the venerable little church when we read in the pages of Bede a passage like the following :

Near the city (of Canterbury), on its eastern side, was a church dedicated to St. Martin, which had been built long before, whilst the Romans still occupied Britain, and in which the Queen, who, as we have said, was a Christian, was accustomed to pray. It was in this church that they too (Augustine and his companions) began in the first instance to meet together, to sing, to pray, to say Masses, to preach, and to baptize ; until, after the conversion of the King, a fuller liberty was allowed them to preach everywhere, and build or restore churches.

The happy event alluded to in this last clause followed soon upon the arrival of the missionaries, for Bede himself assigns it to the same year,¹ and the Canterbury tradition says he was baptized on Whit Sunday (June 1st).

The scope of this paper is confined to the landing of St. Augustine ; nor is it necessary to repeat the well-known story of the rapid spread of the true faith throughout the Kentish kingdom. The foundations though speedily were solidly laid, and so when, in the next reign, the temporary apostacy of the Sovereign caused the falling off of many of his subjects, the recovery was very rapid, and also proved lasting. To

¹ ii. 5.

sum up, then, the extent and significance of St. Augustine's work during the short period of his eight years' episcopate. His personal successes were confined to Kent, where he founded two sees, those of Canterbury and Rochester ; but he made efforts to extend the faith to other parts of the country, and these efforts, if not at the time successful, ought at all events to be regarded as seeds of which the fruit was gathered in later years. He had made efforts which, had they not been met with an unreasoning and disedifying perversity, would have secured him the co-operation of the British clergy, and the directions given him by Pope Gregory as to the character of the destined Hierarchy show what plans he must have been forming for the conversion of the other English tribes, particularly those of the north. He was thus the man who gave the first impulse towards the Christianizing, not of Kent only, but of the entire island, an impulse which we may be sure exercised its influence over the subsequent sending of Paulinus to York, and thereby over the summoning of Aidan and his companions to take up the work from which Paulinus had been driven off. To the self-same impulse we must likewise allow a causality in stirring up Felix and Birinus to undertake the evangelization of East Anglia and Wessex. It is on this ground that St. Augustine is entitled to be regarded as the Apostle of England, as Canon Bright has clearly shown.

If the title (of Apostle) belongs to the man who first brings home to any part of a given people the knowledge of Christ and the ordinances of His religion, then it is enough to remark that Augustine came into Kent when all the "Saxon" kingdoms were still heathen. He came to confront

risks which Aidan, for instance, had never to reckon with on appearing in Northumbria at the express invitation of St. Oswald. . . . His long precedency in the mission-field is a simple matter of chronology: it means that he threw open the pathway, that he set the example, and that a generation had passed away before "Scotic" zeal had followed in his steps¹

This obviously sound reasoning is nevertheless displeasing to many of Canon Bright's co-religionists. If Augustine was the Apostle of England, with what face, they anxiously ask themselves, can we claim the inheritance of his succession without acknowledging ourselves to be an Italian Mission? Accordingly, there has been a division of opinion among Anglican divines, some taking the rational view of Canon Bright, others repeating the watchword of Bishop Lightfoot: "Augustine was the Apostle of Kent, but Aidan was the Apostle of England." It will be interesting to see how this division of opinion will be affected by the pilgrimages of the coming season, for on the memorial cross those who visit it will find inscribed:

Augustine at length brought to Ebbs Fleet in the Isle of Thanet, after so many labours on land and at sea, at a conference with King Ethelbert on this spot, delivered his first discourse to our people, and auspiciously *founded the Christian faith*, which with wonderful rapidity was diffused throughout the whole of England.

It is the traditional judgment which these words express, and indeed they almost seem to have been suggested by the words of the Council of Clovesho, in 747:

¹ *Waymarks in Church History*, p. 309.

That the birthday of the Blessed Pope Gregory, as also the day of death falling on May 26, of St. Augustine, Archbishop and Confessor, who, sent by the aforesaid Pope, our Father St. Gregory, *brought to the English race* the knowledge of faith, the Sacrament of Baptism, and the knowledge of the heavenly country, be honoured and venerated by all as is becoming.

What is there in either of these two utterances to consist with the contention which would set up Aidan as a rival to Augustine, and confer upon him a title which he would have been the first to disown and which is offered him only under the stress of controversial necessities?

“ But with what commission did Augustine come?” It is the Bishop of Stepney¹ who puts the question, and, in view of the pretensions of the Anglican Archbishops of Canterbury, a few words on the subject will be of service.

The Bishop of Stepney enlarges the question, and in so doing indicates the nature of his own answer.

Did he come in the interests of Rome to enlarge the area of the claims of the Papacy? Did he come to demand allegiance, homage to St. Peter, to an infallibly-inspired successor of St. Peter, to the Vicar of Christ on earth, to whom all appeals must come, from whose unerring decision no appeal lay on earth or in heaven? From first to last, in all Gregory's letters, no word of the kind. . . . His business was to create an English Church, not to build up an outwork of Rome.

The phrases which the Bishop thus piles up one upon another are of his own choice, and are none of ours. Let us venture to substitute some others which less misleadingly enunciate the doctrine of the

¹ Op. cit., p. 37.

Catholic Church. "Did he come (let us ask) to found a Church which should be independent of the See of Peter or one which should look up to it as the necessary centre of unity and the necessary source of all lawful ecclesiastical authority?" If the question is thus put, let us see if it be true that, "from first to last, in all Gregory's letters (there is) no word of the kind."

Of one of these letters the Bishop of Stepney himself allows that "it was clearly intended to be the Charter of the English Church."¹ It is the letter, written in 601, which accompanied the gift of the pallium, and is marked by a tone of authority throughout.

Since the new Church of the English has been brought to the grace of Almighty God, through the favour of the same Lord and your labours, we grant you the use of the pallium, to be used in it [the English Church] exclusively at the solemn celebration of the Mass; in order that you may ordain for as many places twelve Bishops, who shall be subject to your rule, but so that the Bishop of the city of London may in future be consecrated by his own Synod and receive the pallium of office (*honoris*) from this Holy and Apostolic See, to which, by God's ordinance, I minister. And we wish you to send a Bishop to the city of York, having ordained one who may seem to you suitable for the purpose; but so that if the same city, with the neighbouring districts, shall receive the Word of God, he also may ordain twelve Bishops and enjoy the dignity of metropolitan; for, if spared, we propose, with the Divine permission, to give him also the pallium, wishing nevertheless that he be subject to the orders of your Paternity. But, after your death, let him govern the Bishops whom he has ordained, and not be subject in any way to the Bishop of London. . . . But let your fraternity have, subject to itself, by the

¹ *Ibid.* p. 84.

ordinance of our Lord Jesus Christ, not only the Bishops which it has ordained, nor only those ordained by the Bishop of York, but also the priests of Britain.¹

And in the previous letter,² in which he answers certain questions put to him by Augustine, he makes, in reference to the last point, a distinction between the Bishops of Gaul, and the British Bishops in the west of England. "Over the Bishops of the Gauls we give you no authority, because the Bishops of Arles have received the pallium from my predecessors in ancient times, and it is not right that we should deprive them of their authority;" but "as for all the Bishops of the Britons, we confide them to your fraternity that the unlearned may be taught, the weak strengthened by persuasion, and the perverse corrected by authority."

Could anything be clearer than that the man who wrote thus, regarded every Bishop in Britain, and in Gaul also, as his own subjects? His letter reminds us of the *Universalis Ecclesiæ*, by which Pius IX. reconstituted the English Hierarchy in 1850. He marks out dioceses as he thinks best, determines the order of subordination which shall prevail among the prelates to be set over them, and imparts to each the authority which such an order will require. He directs that the other Archbishops shall be under Augustine during the latter's lifetime, but independent of his successors and of one another after his death. He subjects to his authority other Bishops not sent by himself but found already existing in the country, and declines to place in the same subjection the Bishops of Gaul, not on the ground that to do

¹ Bede, i. xxix.

² *Ibid.* xxvii.

so would exceed his power, but only on the ground that it would be unjust to withdraw authority from one to whom it had been communicated by his predecessors, and who had not misused it. He sends one pallium and promises others, and expressly states that in sending it he is imparting authority to consecrate suffragans. Nor does he hesitate to describe the injunctions he is giving as, "the ordinances of our Lord Jesus Christ," clearly in the consciousness that he is using authority which our Lord had bestowed and had sanctioned with the assurance that whosoever hears the successors of His chief Apostle hears Him.

Only trifling, in short, can seek to extract out of language such as this, any meaning short of a distinct assertion of Papal claims in the full sense in which Catholics now understand them, and it is trifling to argue, as some have done, that Gregory intended the English Church to be independent of the authority of his own See, from the mere fact that he gave directions for the consecration of future English prelates by prelates in their own land. It may be suitable that an Archbishop should receive his consecration from his highest ecclesiastical superior, but obviously there are practical inconveniences in such a course when the archiepiscopal sees are far removed from the city of Rome. Nor is consecration by the Pope himself in any sense necessary, for it is not consecration which assigns to a prelate either his degree of authority over those placed under him, or his degree of subjection under those placed over him. Jurisdiction is imparted by an expression of will on the part of the superior, and is independent of con-

secration, though the two are intended to combine in the same person ; and that this was Gregory's own doctrine is sufficiently clear, from his placing the British Bishops, by such an expression of will, under the authority of St. Augustine, although he had not consecrated or sent into the country a single one of them.

If the letters of Gregory to Augustine are sufficient of themselves to prove that he conceived of his authority over the English Church precisely as Leo XIII. does now, it may be thought unnecessary to appeal to his other letters. Why, however, is it that our Anglican writers, like the Bishop of Stepney, in the little book already several times mentioned, appear to know nothing of the many similar and confirmatory passages in Gregory's other letters, but know only of the one passage in which he reproved John the Faster, even then in a tone of authority, for calling himself a Universal Bishop? The meaning which Gregory attached to this designation and for which he condemned it, is one which is perfectly ascertainable and has no bearing on the question of Papal authority. The Bishop of Stepney is himself, by the title which he uses, an illustration of the incongruity which Gregory thought so improper. For a man to call himself Bishop of Stepney is to imply that there can be no other lawful Bishop of Stepney, and is therefore by implication to claim that Stepney lies outside the sphere of episcopal jurisdiction of the Bishop of London. It is something very different from taking such a title as Archbishop of Canterbury, with the understanding that it involves authority of a higher order over other sees such as London. So Gregory's objection was that John, by

calling himself Universal Bishop, was implying that the entire world was his diocese, and that there was no part of the world left for another Bishop to govern. In no sense did he blame him for pretending to exercise superior authority over other Bishops.

Had Gregory meant otherwise, he would have been contradicting in the most egregious way both the tenour of his own active and authoritative interposition in the ecclesiastical difficulties of every part of the world, and the many distinct expressions in which he asserts the world-wide character of the government confided to him. As regards the former, let any one in doubt read carefully through his many interesting letters, and ask if the various administrative measures which they either take or imply, do not amount to that very exercise of Papal authority in which the Popes engage now. As regards the latter, what other construction can we put on such a passage as this, in which he says of the Bishop of Bizacium: "As for his saying that he is subject to the Apostolic See, whenever any fault is found in Bishops, I do not know what Bishop is not subject to it;"¹ or this, in which he repeats the same with special reference to the see of Constantinople: "As for what they say of the Church of Constantinople, who is there that doubts but that it is subject to the Apostolic See, as indeed the most pious Emperor and our brother, the Bishop of that see, assiduously profess;"² or this, in which he gives practical effect to the claim by entertaining the appeal of an Oriental priest, John by name, who had been condemned by the judges appointed to try him at

¹ Ep. ix. n. 59.

² *Ibid.* n. 12.

Constantinople in a case of heresy, and reversing the

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

The Church and Personal Liberty.	The Responsibility of Wealth.
The Christian State.	The Idea of Responsibility.
The Education of Woman.	The Religious Aspects of Social Work.
Marriage.	The Church and Social Reform.
The Value of Work.	The Workingman's Apostolate.
The Priest and Social Reform.	St. Francis and You.

The Rosary Magazine comments as follows: "Here is a book that every Catholic, priest or layman, should possess. It treats from a Catholic standpoint what are familiarly known as the questions of the day. Church and Liberty, the Christian State, Education of Woman, Marriage, Social Reform, Responsibility of Wealth. etc. There is so original a method of treatment, such a logical arrangement of facts that the reader is literally charmed. Some of the chapters should be printed in pamphlet form and scattered broadcast. Nowhere have we seen so forceful a repudiation of the false position attributed to the Catholic Church, or so brilliant a defense of her position. Father Cuthbert is to be congratulated upon his work, and we trust that it will meet with the great measure of success that it so richly deserves."

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The faith, then, which St. Augustine brought was the same faith which is ours now. He is our Apostle, therefore, and we must feel deeply grateful that his work should have proved so splendid and enduring. Of the splendour of our pre-Reformation Church, of the purity of its faith, and of its strong attachment to the See of Peter, there can be no real controversy, and as we measure the thirteen centuries which have rolled by since Augustine landed on our shores, we are struck by the comparative length of the Catholic period when set side by side with the Protestant period which succeeded it. Nine hundred and fifty years of unbroken unity, held together by the links forged by Gregory and Augustine between England and the Apostolic See, against three hundred and fifty years of wide-spread and progressive division growing out of the schism initiated by Henry and Elizabeth—for it was reserved for this country, in the day when it departed from the unity into which Gregory had led it, to present to the world the saddest of all illustrations of the sad truth in which, nevertheless, Gregory could find a crumb of consolation: "It is a signal grace of Almighty God, that there is no unity amongst those who are separated from the doctrine of Holy Church, no kingdom divided against itself being able to stand."¹ And Gregory is right. It is indeed a consolation that division should dog the footsteps of schism, nor is there anything so much as these present hopeless divisions which attracts English minds towards that principle of Catholic unity which Augustine brought with him from Gregory thirteen hundred years ago.

¹ *Ibid.* viii. 2.

THE SECOND SPRING

A SERMON

BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.¹

Surge, propera, amica mea, columba mea, formosa mea, et veni. Jam enim hiems transiit, imber abiit et recessit. Flores apparuerunt in terrâ nostrâ.—CANT., c. ii. v. 10-12.

Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land.

WE have familiar experience of the order, the constancy, the perpetual renovation of the material world which surrounds us. Frail and transitory as is every part of it, restless and migratory as are its elements, never-ceasing as are its changes, still it abides. It is bound together by a law of permanence, it is set up in unity; and, though it is ever dying, it is ever coming to life again. Dissolution does but give birth to fresh

¹ Preached on July 13, 1852, in St. Mary's College, Oscott, in the First Provincial Synod of Westminster, before Cardinal Wiseman and the Bishops of England. Reprinted by permission from Cardinal Newman's *Sermons Preached on Various Occasions* (Longmans).

modes of organization, and one death is the parent of a thousand lives. Each hour, as it comes, is but a testimony, how fleeting, yet how secure, how certain, is the great whole. It is like an image on the waters, which is ever the same, though the waters ever flow. Change upon change, yet one change cries out to another, like the alternate Seraphim, in praise and in glory of their Maker. The sun sinks to rise again ; the day is swallowed up in the gloom of the night, to be born out of it, as fresh as if it had never been quenched. Spring passes into summer, and through summer and autumn into winter, only the more surely, by its own ultimate return, to triumph over that grave, towards which it resolutely hastened from its first hour. We mourn over the blossoms of May, because they are to wither ; but we know, withal, that May is one day to have its revenge upon November, by the revolution of that solemn circle which never stops, —which teaches us in our height of hope, ever to be sober, and in our depth of desolation, never to despair.

And forcibly as this comes home to every one of us, not less forcible is the contrast which exists between this material world, so vigorous, so reproductive, amid all its changes, and the moral world, so feeble, so downward, so resourceless, amid all its aspirations. That which ought to come to nought, endures ; that which promises a future, disappoints and is no more. The same sun shines in heaven from first to last, and the blue firmament, the everlasting mountains, reflect his rays ; but where is there upon earth the champion, the hero, the law-giver, the body politic, the sovereign race, which

was great three hundred years ago, and is great now? Moralists and poets, often do they descant upon this innate vitality of matter, this innate perishableness of mind. Man rises to fall: he tends to dissolution from the moment he begins to be; he lives on, indeed, in his children, he lives on in his name, he lives not on in his own person. He is, as regards the manifestations of his nature here below, as a bubble that breaks, and as water poured out upon the earth. He was young, he is old, he is never young again. This is the lament over him, poured forth in verse and in prose, by Christians and by heathen. The greatest work of God's hands under the sun, he, in all the manifestations of his complex being, is born only to die.

His bodily frame first begins to feel the power of this constraining law, though it is the last to succumb to it. We look at the bloom of youth with interest, yet with pity; and the more graceful and sweet it is, with pity so much the more; for, whatever be its excellence and its glory, soon it begins to be deformed and dishonoured by the very force of its living on. It grows into exhaustion and collapse, till at length it crumbles into that dust out of which it was originally taken.

So is it, too, with our moral being, a far higher and diviner portion of our natural constitution; it begins with life, it ends with what is worse than the mere loss of life, with a living death. How beautiful is the human heart, when it puts forth its first leaves, and opens and rejoices in its spring-tide. Fair as may be the bodily form, fairer far, in its green foliage and bright blossoms, its natural virtue. It blooms in the young, like some rich flower, so

delicate, so fragrant, and so dazzling. Generosity and lightness of heart and amiableness, the confiding spirit, the gentle temper, the elastic cheerfulness, the open hand, the pure affection, the noble aspiration, the heroic resolve, the romantic pursuit, the love in which self has no part, --are not these beautiful? and are they not dressed up and set forth for admiration in their best shapes, in tales and in poems? and ah! what a prospect of good is there! who could believe that it is to fade! and yet, as night follows upon day, as decrepitude follows upon health, so surely are failure, and overthrow, and annihilation, the issue of this natural virtue, if time only be allowed to it to run its course. There are those who are cut off in the first opening of this excellence, and then, if we may trust their epitaphs, they have lived like angels; but wait a while, let them live on, let the course of life proceed, let the bright soul go through the fire and water of the world's temptations and seductions and corruptions and transformations; and, alas for the insufficiency of nature! alas for its powerlessness to persevere, its waywardness in disappointing its own promise! Wait till youth has become age; and not more different is the miniature which we have of him when a boy, when every feature spoke of hope, put side by side of the large portrait painted to his honour, when he is old, when his limbs are shrunk, his eye dim, his brow furrowed, and his hair grey, than differs the moral grace of that boyhood from the forbidding and repulsive aspect of his soul, now that he has lived to the age of man. For moroseness, and misanthropy, and selfishness, is the ordinary winter of that spring.

Such is man in his own nature, and such, too, is he in his works. The noblest efforts of his genius, the conquests he has made, the doctrines he has originated, the nations he has civilized, the states he has created, they outlive himself, they outlive him by many centuries, but they tend to an end, and that end is dissolution. Powers of the world, sovereignties, dynasties, sooner or later come to nought; they have their fatal hour. The Roman conqueror shed tears over Carthage, for in the destruction of the rival city he discerned too truly an augury of the fall of Rome; and at length, with the weight and the responsibilities, the crimes and the glories, of centuries upon centuries, the Imperial City fell.

Thus man and all his works are mortal; they die, and they have no power of renovation.

But what is it, my Fathers, my Brothers, what is it that has happened in England just at this time? Something strange is passing over this land, by the very surprise, by the very commotion, which it excites. Were we not near enough the scene of action to be able to say what is going on,—were we the inhabitants of some sister planet possessed of a more perfect mechanism than this earth has discovered for surveying the transactions of another globe,—and did we turn our eyes thence towards England just at this season, we should be arrested by a political phenomenon as wonderful as any which the astronomer notes down from his physical field of view. It would be the occurrence of a national commotion, almost without parallel, more violent than has happened here for centuries,—at least in the judgments and intentions of men, if not in act and deed. We should note it down,

that soon after St. Michael's day, 1850, a storm arose in the moral world, so furious as to demand some great explanation, and to rouse in us an intense desire to gain it. We should observe it increasing from day to day, and spreading from place to place, without remission, almost without lull, up to this very hour, when perhaps it threatens worse still, or at least gives no sure prospect of alleviation. Every party in the body politic undergoes its influence, — from the Queen upon her throne, down to the little ones in the infant or day school. The ten thousands of the constituency, the sum-total of Protestant sects, the aggregate of religious societies and associations, the great body of established clergy in town and country, the bar, even the medical profession, nay, even literary and scientific circles, every class, every interest, every fireside, gives tokens of this ubiquitous storm. This would be our report of it, seeing it from the distance, and we should speculate on the cause. What is it all about? against what is it directed? what wonder has happened upon earth? what prodigious, what preternatural event is adequate to the burden of so vast an effect?

We should judge rightly in our curiosity about a phenomenon like this; it must be a portentous event, and it is. It is an innovation, a miracle, I may say, in the course of human events. The physical world revolves year by year, and begins again; but the political order of things does not renew itself, does not return; it continues, but it proceeds; there is no retrogression. This is so well understood by men of the day, that with them progress is idolized as another name for good. The

past never returns—it is never good ;—if we are to escape existing ills, it must be by going forward. The past is out of date ; the past is dead. As well may the dead live to us, as well may the dead profit us, as the past return. *This*, then, is the cause of this national transport, this national cry, which encompasses us. The past *has* returned, the dead lives. Thrones are overturned, and are never restored ; States live and die, and then are matter only for history. Babylon was great, and Tyre, and Egypt, and Nineve, and shall never be great again. The English Church was, and the English Church was not, and the English Church is once again. This is the portent, worthy of a cry. It is the coming in of a Second Spring ; it is a restoration in the moral world, such as that which yearly takes place in the physical.

Three centuries ago, and the Catholic Church, that great creation of God's power, stood in this land in pride of place. It had the honours of near a thousand years upon it ; it was enthroned in some twenty sees up and down the broad country ; it was based in the will of a faithful people ; it energized through ten thousand instruments of power and influence ; and it was ennobled by a host of Saints and Martyrs. The churches, one by one, recounted and rejoiced in the line of glorified intercessors, who were the respective objects of their grateful homage. Canterbury alone numbered perhaps some sixteen, from St. Augustine to St. Dunstan and St. Elphege, from St. Anselm and St. Thomas down to St. Edmund. York had its St. Paulinus, St. John, St. Wilfrid, and St. William ; London, its St. Erconwald ; Durham, its St. Cuthbert ; Winton, its St.

Swithun. Then there were St. Aidan of Lindisfarne, and St. Hugh of Lincoln, and St. Chad of Lichfield, and St. Thomas of Hereford, and St. Oswald and St. Wulstan of Worcester, and St. Osmund of Salisbury, and St. Birinus of Dorchester, and St. Richard of Chichester. And then, too, its religious orders, its monastic establishments, its universities, its wide relations all over Europe, its high prerogatives in the temporal state, its wealth, its dependencies, its popular honours,—where was there in the whole of Christendom a more glorious hierarchy? Mixed up with the civil institutions, with king and nobles, with the people, found in every village and in every town,—it seemed destined to stand, so long as England stood, and to outlast, it might be, England's greatness.

But it was the high decree of heaven, that the majesty of that presence should be blotted out. It is a long story, my Fathers and Brothers—you know it well. I need not go through it. The vivifying principle of truth, the shadow of St. Peter, the grace of the Redeemer, left it. That old Church in its day became a corpse (a marvellous, an awful change!); and then it did but corrupt the air which once it refreshed, and cumber the ground which once it beautified. So all seemed to be lost; and there was a struggle for a time, and then its priests were cast out or martyred. There were sacrileges innumerable. Its temples were profaned or destroyed; its revenues seized by covetous nobles, or squandered upon the ministers of a new faith. The presence of Catholicism was at length simply removed,—its grace disowned,—its power despised,—its name, except as a matter of history, at length almost unknown. It

took a long time to do this thoroughly ; much time, much thought, much labour, much expense ; but at last it was done. Oh, that miserable day, centuries before we were born ! What a martyrdom to live in it and see the fair form of Truth, moral and material, hacked piecemeal, and every limb and organ carried off, and burned in the fire, or cast into the deep ! But at last the work was done. Truth was disposed of, and shovelled away, and there was a calm, a silence, a sort of peace ;—and such was about the state of things when we were born into this weary world.

My Fathers and Brothers, *you* have seen it on one side, and some of us on another ; but one and all of us can bear witness to the fact of the utter contempt into which Catholicism had fallen by the time that we were born. You, alas, know it far better than I can know it ; but it may not be out of place, if by one or two tokens, as by the strokes of a pencil, I bear witness to you from without, of what you can witness so much more truly from within. No longer, the Catholic Church in the country ; nay, no longer I may say, a Catholic community ;—but a few adherents of the Old Religion, moving silently and sorrowfully about, as memorials of what had been. “The Roman Catholics ;”—not a sect, not even an interest, as men conceived of it,—not a body, however small, representative of the Great Communion abroad,—but a mere handful of individuals, who might be counted, like the pebbles and *detritus* of the great deluge, and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain a creed which, in its day indeed, was the profession of a Church. Here a set of poor Irishmen, coming and going at harvest time, or

a colony of them lodged in a miserable quarter of the vast metropolis. There, perhaps an elderly person, seen walking in the streets, grave and solitary, and strange, though noble in bearing, and said to be of good family, and a "Roman Catholic." An old-fashioned house of gloomy appearance, closed in with high walls, with an iron gate, and yews, and the report attaching to it that "Roman Catholics" lived there; but who they were, or what they did, or what was meant by calling them Roman Catholics, no one could tell;—though it had an unpleasant sound, and told of form and superstition. And then, perhaps, as we went to and fro, looking with a boy's curious eyes through the great city, we might come to-day upon some Moravian chapel, or Quaker's meeting-house, and to-morrow on a chapel of the "Roman Catholics:" but nothing was to be gathered from it, except that there were lights burning there, and some boys in white, swinging censers; and what it all meant could only be learned from books, from Protestant Histories and Sermons; and they did not report well of "the Roman Catholics," but, on the contrary, deposed that they had once had power and had abused it. And then, again, we might, on one occasion, hear it pointedly put out by some literary man, as the result of his careful investigation, and as a recondite point of information, which few knew, that there was this difference between the Roman Catholics of England and the Roman Catholics of Ireland, that the latter had bishops, and the former were governed by four officials, called Vicars-Apostolic.

Such was about the sort of knowledge possessed of Christianity by the heathen of old time, who perse-

cuted its adherents from the face of the earth, and then called them a *gens lucifuga*, a people who shunned the light of day. Such were Catholics in England, found in corners, and alleys, and cellars, and the housetops, or in the recesses of the country ; cut off from the populous world around them, and dimly seen, as if through a mist or in twilight, as ghosts flitting to and fro, by the high Protestants, the lords of the earth. At length so feeble did they become, so utterly contemptible, that contempt gave birth to pity ; and the more generous of their tyrants actually began to wish to bestow on them some favour, under the notion that their opinions were simply too absurd ever to spread again, and that they themselves, were they but raised in civil importance, would soon unlearn and be ashamed of them. And thus, out of mere kindness to us, they began to vilify our doctrines to the Protestant world, that so our very idiocy or our secret unbelief might be our plea for mercy.

A *great* change, an *awful* contrast, between the time-honoured church of St. Augustine and St. Thomas, and the poor remnant of their children in the beginning of the nineteenth century ! It was a miracle, I might say, to have pulled down that lordly power ; but there was a greater and a truer one in store. No one could have prophesied its fall, but still less would any one have ventured to prophesy its rise again. The fall was wonderful ; still after all it was in the order of nature ;—all things come to nought : its rise again would be a different sort of wonder, for it is in the order of grace,—and who can hope for miracles, and such a miracle as this ! Has the whole course of

history a like to show? I must speak cautiously and according to my knowledge, but I recollect no parallel to it. Augustine, indeed, came to the same island to which the early missionaries had come already; but they came to Britons, and he to Saxons. The Arian Goths and Lombards, too, cast off their heresy in St. Augustine's age, and joined the Church; but they had never fallen away from her. The inspired word seems to imply the almost impossibility of such a grace as the renovation of those who have crucified to themselves again, and trodden underfoot, the Son of God. Who then could have dared to hope that, out of so sacrilegious a nation as this is, a people would have been formed again unto their Saviour? What signs did it show that it was to be singled out from among the nations? Had it been prophesied some fifty years ago, would not the very notion have seemed preposterous and wild?

My Fathers, there was one of your own order, then in the maturity of his powers and his reputation. His name is the property of this diocese; yet is too great, too venerable, too dear to all Catholics, to be confined to any part of England, when it is rather a household word in the mouths of all of us. What would have been the feelings of that venerable man, the champion of God's ark in an evil time, could *he* have lived to see this day? It is almost presumptuous for one who knew him not, to draw pictures about him, and his thoughts, and his friends, some of whom are even here present; yet am I wrong in fancying that a day such as this, in which we stand, would have seemed to him a dream, or, if he prophesied of it, to his

hearers nothing but a mockery? Say that one time, rapt in spirit, he had reached forward to the future, and that his mortal eye had wandered from that lowly chapel in the valley which had been for centuries in the possession of Catholics, to the neighbouring height, then waste and solitary. And let him say to those about him: "I see a bleak mount, looking upon an open country, over against that huge town, to whose inhabitants Catholicism is of so little account. I see the ground marked out, and an ample enclosure made; and plantations are rising there, clothing and circling in the space.

"And there on that high spot, far from the haunts of men, yet in the very centre of the island, a large edifice, or rather pile of edifices, appears, with many fronts and courts, and long cloisters and corridors, and story upon story. And there it rises, under the invocation of the same sweet and powerful name which has been our strength and consolation in the Valley. I look more attentively at that building, and I see it is fashioned upon that ancient style of art which brings back the past, which had seemed to be perishing from off the face of the earth, or to be preserved only as a curiosity, or to be imitated only as a fancy. I listen, and I hear the sound of voices, grave and musical, renewing the old chant, with which Augustine greeted Ethelbert in the free air upon the Kentish strand. It comes from a long procession, and it winds along the cloisters. Priests and Religious, theologians from the schools, and canons from the Cathedral, walk in due precedence. And then there comes a vision of well nigh twelve mitred heads; and last I see a Prince of the Church,

in the royal dye of empire and of martyrdom, a pledge to us from Rome of Rome's unwearied love, a token that that goodly company is firm in Apostolic faith and hope. And the shadow of the Saints is there ; —St. Benedict is there, speaking to us by the voice of bishop and of priest, and counting over the long ages through which he has prayed, and studied, and laboured ; there, too, is St. Dominic's white wool, which no blemish can impair, no stain can dim : and if St. Bernard be not there, it is only that his absence may make him be remembered more. And the princely patriarch, St. Ignatius, too, the St. George of the modern world, with his chivalrous lance run through his writhing foe, he, too, sheds his blessing upon that train. And others, also, his equals or his juniors in history, whose pictures are above our altars, or soon shall be, the surest proof that the Lord's arm has not waxen short, nor His mercy failed, —they, too, are looking down from their thrones on high upon the throng. And so that high company moves on into the holy place ; and there, with august rite and awful sacrifice, inaugurates the great act which brings it thither." What is that act ? it is the first synod of a new Hierarchy ; it is the resurrection of the Church.

O my Fathers, my brothers, had that revered Bishop spoken then, who that had heard him but would have said that he spoke what could not be ? What ! those few scattered worshippers, *the* Roman Catholics, to form a Church ! Shall the past be rolled back ? Shall the grave open ? Shall the Saxons live again to God ? Shall the shepherds, watching their poor flocks by night, be visited by a

multitude of the heavenly army, and hear how their Lord has been new-born in their own city? Yes; for grace can, where nature cannot. The world grows old, but the Church is ever young. She can, in any time, at her Lord's will, "inherit the Gentiles, and inhabit the desolate cities." "Arise, Jerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. Behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and a mist the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. Lift up thine eyes round about, and see; all these are gathered together, they come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side." "Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For the winter is now past, and the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land. . . . the fig-tree hath put forth her green figs; the vines in flower yield their sweet smell. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come." It is the time for thy Visitation. Arise, Mary, and go forth in thy strength into that north country, which once was thine own, and take possession of a land which knows thee not. Arise, Mother of God, and with thy thrilling voice, speak to those who labour with child, and are in pain, till the babe of grace leaps within them? Shine on us, dear Lady, with thy bright countenance, like the sun in his strength, *O stella matutina*, O harbinger of peace, till our year is one perpetual May. From thy sweet eyes, from thy pure smile, from thy majestic brow, let ten thousand influences rain down, not to confound or overwhelm, but to persuade, to win over thine enemies. O Mary, my hope, O Mother undefiled, fulfil to us the promise

of this Spring. A second temple rises on the ruins of the old. Canterbury has gone its way, and York is gone, and Durham is gone, and Winchester is gone. It was sore to part with them. We clung to the vision of past greatness, and would not believe it could come to nought; but the Church in England has died, and the Church lives again. Westminster and Nottingham, Beverley and Hexham, Northampton and Shrewsbury, if the world lasts, shall be names as musical to the ear, as stirring to the heart, as the glories we have lost; and Saints shall rise out of them, if God so will, and Doctors once again shall give the law to Israel, and Preachers call to penance and to justice, as at the beginning.

Yes, my Fathers and Brothers, and if it be God's blessed will, not Saints alone, not Doctors only, not Preachers only, shall be ours—but Martyrs, too, shall re-consecrate the soil to God. We know not what is before us, ere we win our own; we are engaged in a great, a joyful work, but in proportion to God's grace is the fury of His enemies. They have welcomed us as the lion greets his prey. Perhaps they may be familiarized in time with our appearance, but perhaps they may be irritated the more. To set up the Church again in England is too great an act to be done in a corner. We have had reason to expect that such a boon would not be given to us without a cross. It is not God's way that great blessings should descend without the sacrifice first of great sufferings. If the truth is to be spread to any wide extent among this people, how can we dream, how can we hope, that trial and trouble shall not accompany its going forth? And we have

already, if it may be said without presumption, to commence our work withal, a large store of merits. We have no slight outfit for our opening warfare. Can we religiously suppose that the blood of our martyrs, three centuries ago and since, shall never receive its recompense? Those priests, secular and regular, did they suffer for no end? or rather, for an end which is not yet accomplished? The long imprisonment, the fetid dungeon, the weary suspense, the tyrannous trial, the barbarous sentence, the savage execution, the rack, the gibbet, the knife, the cauldron, the numberless tortures of those holy victims, O my God, are they to have no reward? Are Thy martyrs to cry from under Thine altar for their loving vengeance on this guilty people, and to cry in vain? Shall they lose life, and not gain a better life for the children of those who persecuted them? Is this Thy way, O my God, righteous and true? Is it according to Thy promise, O King of saints, if I may dare talk to Thee of justice? Did not Thou Thyself pray for Thine enemies upon the cross, and convert them? Did not Thy first Martyr win Thy great Apostle, then a persecutor, by his loving prayer? And in that day of trial and desolation for England, when hearts were pierced through and through with Mary's woe, at the crucifixion of Thy body mystical, was not every tear that flowed, and every drop of blood that was shed, the seeds of a future harvest, when they who sowed in sorrow were to reap in joy?

And as that suffering of the Martyrs is not yet recompensed, so, perchance, it is not yet exhausted. Something for what we know, remains to be undergone, to complete the necessary sacrifice. May God

forbid it, for this poor nation's sake ! But still could we be surprised, my Fathers and my Brothers, if the winter even now should not yet be quite over ? Have we any right to take it strange, if, in this English land, the spring-time of the Church should turn out to be an English spring, an uncertain, anxious time of hope and fear, of joy and suffering, —of bright promise and budding hopes, yet withal, of keen blasts, and cold showers, and sudden storms ?

One thing alone I know—that according to our need, so will be our strength. One thing I am sure of, that the more the enemy rages against us, so much the more will the Saints in Heaven plead for us ; the more fearful are our trials from the world, the more present to us will be our Mother Mary, and our good Patrons, and Angel Guardians ; the more malicious are the devices of men against us, the louder cry of supplication will ascend from the bosom of the whole Church to God for us. We shall not be left orphans ; we shall have within us the strength of the Paraclete, promised to the Church and to every member of it. My Fathers, my Brothers in the priesthood, I speak from my heart when I declare my conviction, that there is no one among you here present but, if God so willed, would readily become a martyr for His sake. I do not say you would wish it ; I do not say that the natural will would not pray that that chalice might pass away ; I do not speak of what you can do by any strength of yours ;—but in the strength of God, in the grace of the Spirit, in the armour of justice, by the consolations and peace of the Church, by the blessing of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and in the

name of Christ, you would do what nature cannot do. By the intercession of the Saints on high, by the penances and good works and the prayers of the people of God on earth, you would be forcibly borne up as upon the waves of the mighty deep, and carried on out of yourselves by the fulness of grace, whether nature wished it or no. I do not mean violently, or with unseemly struggle, but calmly, gracefully, sweetly, joyously, you would mount up and ride forth to the battle, as on the rush of Angel's wings, as your fathers did before you, and gained the prize. You, who day by day offer up the Immaculate Lamb of God, you who hold in your hands the Incarnate Word under the visible tokens which He has ordained, you who again and again drain the chalice of the Great Victim; who is to make you fear? what is to startle you? what to seduce you? who is to stop you, whether you are to suffer or to do, whether to lay the foundations of the Church in tears, or to put the crown upon the work in jubilation?

My Fathers, my Brothers, one word more. It may seem as if I were going out of my way in thus addressing you; but I have some sort of plea to urge in extenuation. When the English College at Rome was set up by the solicitude of a great Pontiff in the beginning of England's sorrows, and missionaries were trained there for confessorship and martyrdom here, who was it that saluted the fair Saxon youths as they passed by him in the streets of the great City, with the salutation, "*Salvete flores martyrum*"? And when the time came for each in turn to leave that peaceful home, and to go forth to the conflict, to whom did they betake

themselves before leaving Rome, to receive a blessing which might nerve them for their work ? They went for a Saint's blessing ; they went to a calm old man, who had never seen blood, except in penance ; who had longed indeed to die for Christ, what time the great St. Francis opened the way to the far East, but who had been fixed as if a sentinel in the holy city, and walked up and down for fifty years on one beat, while his brethren were in the battle. Oh ! the fire of that heart, too great for its frail tenement, which tormented him to be kept at home when the whole Church was at war ! and therefore came those bright-haired strangers to him, ere they set out for the scene of their passion, that the full zeal and love pent up in that burning breast might find a vent, and flow over, from him who was kept at home, upon those who were to face the foe. Therefore one by one, each in his turn, those youthful soldiers came to the old man ; and one by one they persevered and gained the crown and the palm,—all but one, who had not gone, and would not go, for the salutary blessing.

My Fathers, my Brothers, that old man was my own St. Philip. Bear with me for his sake. If I have spoken too seriously, his sweet smile shall temper it. As he was with you three centuries ago in Rome, when our Temple fell, so now surely when it is rising, it is a pleasant token that he should have even set out on his travels to you ; and that, as if remembering how he interceded for you at home, and recognizing the relations he then formed with you, he should now be wishing to have a name among you, and to be loved by you, and perchance to do you a service, here in your own land.

MOOTHOOSAWNY.

It is written in the Acts of the Apostles that when St. Peter had been sent for to baptize the Gentile, Cornelius, he spoke as follows: "In very deed, I perceive that God is not a respecter of persons. But in every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh justice, is acceptable to Him" (Acts x. 34, 35). The following story, related to me by a holy Jesuit missionary, affords a wonderful and striking proof of the truth of the Apostle's words.

I was stationed, in 1874, at Trichinopoly, in the Presidency of Madras; and during my residence there one of my duties was to visit the Catholics in the central gaol of that station.

This prison is out in the country. I used to go, carrying on my breast, almost each time, the Blessed Eucharist; and God alone can tell of the ineffable sweetness and consolation I derived from those long walks with Him.

I was always accompanied by a native religious called Tomé, an excellent fellow, a pariah, very well up in religious and catechetical knowledge, and possessed of real controversial talents. On arriving at the gate of the gaol he would always open a large umbrella, and, walking behind me, hold it over my head to keep me

from the sun. We walked in silence and recollection towards the tower. This is a round building with two storeys, each storey surrounded by a veranda or exterior gallery as by a belt. These galleries command a complete view over the different blocks of buildings, which converge towards that centre as the spokes of a wheel towards the nave. We used to go up the tower to the highest gallery and walk slowly round it two or three times.

My dress was pure white, with a red belt and a red cap, and therefore very conspicuous in the bright Indian sun; and this walking round on the second floor of the tower was in order that all the Catholics among the convicts might see us and come at once to the ward where our small but touching services were held. This silent notice given, I walked down to the ward appointed, all the turnkeys giving me low salaams as I passed, and all the Catholics prostrating themselves on my arrival.

The ward was a long, lofty room, with a basalt floor, and without the smallest article of furniture. For my convenience and that of Tomé a warder used to bring two low three-legged stools, very small, and made of wood. One of them I placed in a corner, then spread a white cloth upon it, put a crucifix and a couple of candles and candlesticks on the cloth, and thus made a little altar. After a moment's adoration and prayer, I went to sit on the other stool. The men that spoke and understood English grouped themselves round me for catechism and instruction; and those that spoke only Tamil, squatted themselves on the floor round

Tomé for the same purpose. Afterwards I heard the confessions of these poor people, who were often more good and simple than the place where they were lodged would lead one to suppose, and then they received Holy Communion. The scene had something supremely touching in its sublime simplicity, and more hearty devotion I have rarely witnessed than among those poor fellows.

One of the regulations of the gaol, in consequence of a Government order from Madras, was that no convict should be allowed to attend any religious service but his own; and any change of religion while in prison was forbidden.

One Sunday, as I was entering the ward, there stood close to the door a man of fine make and appearance, but evidently a pagan, since he wore on his forehead the painted *Trimvorty*, the sign of the worshippers of Krishna. He made a respectful salaam, and his eyes were fixed upon me, but he said nothing. I beckoned to Tomé to go and see what he wanted. He asked to come with us and hear the instruction, as it was his earnest desire to become a Christian. The appearance of the man was frank and prepossessing, but I own to having at first distrusted him, supposing, as a matter of course, that he had some private views of his own—one gets terribly suspicious when dealing with the criminal class, finding oneself so constantly deceived! I therefore remarked to him that he exposed himself to punishment if he remained with us, as he knew the gaol regulation; but he insisted.

As I was well aware of Tomé's shrewdness, I asked

him to take him into his class, and, unobserved by the new-comer, I made Tomé a sign, which he perfectly understood, to examine the man carefully and find out if he were really in earnest. After the catechism had gone on for some little time, Tomé accordingly entered into conversation with the man, and found that he already possessed some knowledge of our holy Faith. He knew most of the prayers by heart, and Tomé found that his one desire was to become a Christian, and to receive what he called the "soul-cleansing water." I was very glad to hear such a good report, encouraged the man, and advised him to do away with all heathenish practices, such, for instance, as the wearing of those signs on his forehead. At my next visit to the gaol he came to us again, and very soon won the esteem and admiration of Tomé, who said to me:—

"Father, there is something peculiarly good and holy in that man! I do not think that he has any other motive in view than to become a Christian and receive baptism."

I was myself under the same impression, and sympathized most strongly in the poor fellow's desire. But to confer baptism on any man in gaol would have been against the regulations, and perhaps would have exposed us to be turned out altogether. I however determined to ask the Superintendent, and see what could be done.

On hearing that a man had come to our meetings and services who was not a Catholic, the Superintendent was most indignant. He said the prison regulations had been broken, and that he should in-

stantly inflict punishment on the man. However, after many entreaties I prevailed upon him to do nothing of the sort. I represented to him that any punishment coming in consequence of information given by me, would cast odium on my ministry; and I added that I felt sure he would do nothing to impair my influence, of which he had several times acknowledged the good.

At last he yielded; but cautioned me against believing too easily in the sincerity of these people, as they almost always had some material advantage or ulterior object in view. He owned, however, that the poor fellow in whom I was interested was extraordinarily well-behaved; but he added that henceforth he should take care that the prison regulations should be more strictly enforced, so that I obtained nothing save the remission of his punishment.

Weeks passed; and to my sorrow, my poor convict friend, who I found was called Moothoosawny, was never allowed to come to the instructions, and I saw him no more; but I had news of him through the other convicts. He was constantly questioning them about the Faith, begging them to repeat the instructions, reading Catholic books with the greatest eagerness, and giving to all the conviction that he was thoroughly in earnest, and more and more anxious every day to receive baptism. His health had been for some time doubtful; but now it began rapidly to fail. He sent through his convict friends the most moving entreaties to me to come and let him receive the "soul-cleansing water"; but what could I do? I was not allowed to go near him. I asked them to give

him baptism themselves, and carefully explained to them how they were to do it.

But to this, both he and they objected. He said he was to receive it from the "Swamy" (the Father), and from him alone. I then reminded them of the baptism of desire, when one cannot receive either the baptism of water or of blood. But Moothoosawny insisted imploringly on receiving the baptism of water; he was sinking, and his entreaties became more and more urgent. His companions felt for him so strongly, and besought me so earnestly, that I could resist no longer; and at the risk of another rebuff, I went again to the Superintendent, who knew that the man was dying. I strongly represented to him that to prevent the poor fellow from becoming a Christian was going directly against the principle of liberty of conscience, one of the first and most important features of the British Constitution: that the Government, and therefore the Superintendent who represented it, were, to the convict in a gaol, as a tutor to a pupil, and bound to look after his welfare, more especially after his spiritual and eternal good. We had done even more than ordinary prudence required to test Moothoosawny's sincerity of purpose, and no doubt could justly be entertained on the subject. Now the poor fellow was dying, and it was sheer tyranny to refuse his request to receive baptism; indeed, it was cruelty and oppression of the blackest description, since it was practised on the soul and conscience of a man in full possession of his reason, and at the very moment when he was going to appear before his and our Supreme Judge.

The Superintendent had been listening to me with mute attention, and as I had spoken with increasing warmth, I did not quite know how he would take it. But when I ceased speaking, he only answered quietly:—

“Would you mind giving me your reasons in writing, as you have just expressed them to me?”

“I will, most readily and thankfully,” was my reply, and that very evening they were put into his hands.

The next day, after 9 P.M., when I had retired to rest, a man knocked at my door, announcing himself as an “Ordnanee.” He was the bearer of a paper “On Her Majesty’s Service.” It contained a telegram from the Governor of Madras, which ran as follows:—

“In reference to the request of the Roman Catholic chaplain at Trichinopoly for an exception to certain gaol regulations, let all permissions be given him in favour of the convict Moothoosawny.”

This telegram was accompanied by a note from the Superintendent to this effect:—

“Your letter to me was forwarded to the Governor at once, and I am very glad it has been successful. When you present yourself at the gaol, all doors will open before you. Allow me to suggest that the sooner you come the better, as the convict is now very low indeed.”

You can imagine my joy at this communication, and how I thanked God in my heart. The very next morning, at dawn of day, directly I had said my Mass,

I was off to the gaol with my faithful Tomé, who was as delighted as myself. As the Superintendent had announced, the doors opened readily on my arrival, and I was pleased to read in the looks and countenances of the inhabitants of that dismal and dreary mansion the warmest welcome and sympathy. A central gaol always suggests the idea of the refuse of the earth, and here it was the scum of a Mahometan and heathen population. Yet even among these, the lowest and most degraded of human beings, the Catholic priest is felt and considered to be the messenger of God—the bringer of peace. It is only those that have “blasphemed against the Holy Ghost” who cannot bear his sight.

We entered the block used as an infirmary. It was a naked, long hall. In the farthest corner, upon a mat, with a little hay or straw for a bolster, lay poor Moothoosawny, lean, spent, panting for breath, but with his widened eyes fixed upon us. As we drew near, he slightly raised his emaciated hands, and, with faltering breath and voice, exclaimed:—

“Ah! at last you have come! God be blessed and praised for evermore! The *Thevamada* [divine Mother] has not failed me. Now I shall die happy!”

While we were nearing his poor bed, convicts were making their appearance through every door, and trooping slowly towards us with open mouths and suppressed breathing. They had awful countenances, most of them bearing the stamp of every kind of daring crime and villainy. They were like children, attracted by the unusual sight of a Catholic priest in

that hall; most of them had never seen one nearer than on the gallery of the central tower which I have before described. Probably, also, they had had some talk among themselves about Moothoosawny, and had questioned the Christians. But my impression was—and Tomé's also—that there was something unusual about this case, and in their hushed manner and quiet behaviour it was evident that some powerful influence was at work. They massed themselves behind us like a thick wall of human flies, and a very unpleasant sight it would have been in other circumstances and in any other place. However, I was very glad that an opportunity was thus given to us of speaking to them, and I suggested to Tomé that the questioning and preparing of the catechism would afford us an excellent opportunity of giving that unexpected audience a good catechetical instruction. We stooped down accordingly, sitting on our heels, according to the fashion of the country, close to the dying man's pallet, and a simple but solid instruction was given him, which was intended mainly for our hearers behind us.

Moothoosawny, however, answered readily, and often asked a question, or put in a word, which struck us both with astonishment and admiration. He seemed as if he had been already divinely taught.

"Tomé!" I exclaimed at last, in a language which the convicts could not understand, "do you not feel that there is something very extraordinary in this man?"

"Yes, Father," he replied; "I noticed it the very first time I saw him. I cannot explain it to myself,

but there seems to be something supernatural about him. If you were to ask him to tell you the story of his life, we might find out."

I hesitated a moment, on account of his excessive weakness; but then, thinking that the story might be of use to our audience as well as to ourselves, I took his hand and said:—

"Moothoosawny, you are very ill and weak; but you are also very happy, are you not, though you are dying?"

"I am indeed, Father—so very, very happy!"

"Well, I am very happy too," I replied, "that I have been allowed to come at last, and that the permission arrived in time. But now, I am going to ask you to do me a great favour. If you were to speak very low, resting as often as you like, and speaking just according to the strength left to you, would you relate to us the history of your life? Tell me how you came into this gaol, and why you have so much wished to receive the 'soul-cleansing bath,' and to be a Catholic? If it would not tire you too much, I should be pleased to hear your story, and I think it might help your companions."

Moothoosawny shut his eyes for a moment, as if for recollection and obedience. The human wall behind us squeezed themselves still closer: evidently this was what they were most anxious for. I shall never forget those eager faces, those eyes fixed on the dying man with such intense curiosity, and that breathless silence.

At last Moothoosawny began:—

"I was a forester in Coimbatore. I drew a very

good pay. I enjoyed the confidence and friendship of my superiors, and was very happy. I feared the gods and worshipped them as well as I knew how: and I grew fat and stout. [This is looked upon by the Indians as a sign of prosperity, happiness and divine favour.] One day I received a present from an English engineer, which was a dozen European eggs good for hatching. I gave them to a good hen to sit upon, and when they broke the shell and came out, I was delighted. I was always very fond of every kind of bird and beast, and I used to count my chickens, and feed or caress them; and they grew into such fine fowls. But when they began to go out, the prander [a small and very rapacious eagle, which is one of the Indian gods] swooped down upon them and took first one and then another, till I was in great distress. In spite of all my watchfulness and care, in a few days I had only one chicken left of the whole lot. One morning I was going out to the forest with my guns loaded as usual. I drove the dear chick and its mother under the bushes that it might be well sheltered. As it was running before me from one bush to another, crossing a small glade, a rustle passed over my head, and in a sweep as rapid as lightning the prander had carried away in its claws the last of my poor chickens. But as rapidly also did my gun, as of itself, aim at the captor and fire off. . . .”

Here Moothoosawny, exhausted and overpowered with emotion, stopped awhile. Then, encouraged with a kind word and a sympathizing look, he continued:—

“The smoke of the powder had not yet cleared away

before me when, a little way off, I heard the thud caused by the fall of a dead body. It was the prander ! O Father, at that moment a thousand times would I have chosen to fall dead myself ! The idea of having killed my god made me like a madman. I do not know what became of me that day. I had no peace, no rest, no appetite, no sleep. It seemed to me as if all the other gods were pursuing me to punish me for my crime. I thought that after awhile my grief would diminish by degrees. But no ; the horror of my crime seemed to increase every day. I began to grow lean and to waste away. After some time, unable to endure it any longer, I asked for a month's leave, which was readily granted to me, in the hope that a change would do me good, and I came over to Trichinopoly. The change, however, brought me neither appetite nor peace of mind : remorse was in my heart, and the vengeance of the gods seemed to pursue me, inexorable, relentless, and all-powerful. I was persuaded that I had committed a crime to which no other sin could be compared. Father, I had always tried to be good. Though an ignorant pagan, I had carefully avoided everything that I thought to be wrong. I had been scrupulously honest in all my dealings, and had carefully observed all the ceremonies and prescriptions of the false religion in which I had been brought up. And therefore it was that this crime of mine, as I then considered it, made me so dreadfully unhappy.

“I had been in Trichinopoly only three days, and was really dying of grief. Oh, if I had then found a Swamy [Father] to whom I could have opened my

heart! On the evening of the fourth day, I was lying on my mat, a prey to my gnawing thoughts of sorrow and remorse, sleepless and miserable, when I heard the noise of a troop of people round the hut; then the door was burst open, and three policemen rushed upon me as upon a great culprit, bound my hands very tight behind my back, and rudely dragged me to the district gaol. I thought it was the gods, and was almost glad, in the hope that they would accept this unjust suffering as an atonement for my sin. However, the misery I endured in that cell brought no relief to my mind, and I grew more and more wretched. Then came the trial. I was so utterly bewildered that I do not know what charge they brought against me, but I think it was murder. The real murderer or his friends must have found out I was a stranger in the place, and caused the suspicion to fall upon me. False witnesses were readily found, who swore to endless falsehoods about me, and when I was asked what I had to say in reply, I answered, 'Nothing.'"

Here I interrupted Moothoosawny to inquire: "But when the murder was committed, were you not in the Coimbatore district?"

"Yes, Father."

"Then why on earth did you not say that you were not in the town at the time of the crime? You could have got plenty of witnesses to give you a good character and prove your presence in Coimbatore."

"Yes, I could have done so most easily; but remember, Father, that I considered myself far more guilty than those false witnesses made me out to be.

I thought heaven was condemning me, not the judge, and I hoped by accepting the punishment in silence I should appease the divine wrath. I was condemned to twenty years' confinement and hard labour. I consequently was sent here, and expected somehow that in the gaol I should find at last the inward peace without which I could not live. Father, do not be angry, or laugh at my simplicity. Have I not found something better than anything I then knew of? Oh, I am now so very, very happy ! . . .”

He paused a long while. It is beyond my power to give you an idea of the intensity of eagerness with which that compact mass of criminals were listening to the story of their brother convict—a tale, alas ! so different in its innocence from their own. Moothoo-sawny continued :—

“In the beginning I was not happier here than I had been anywhere else since I had killed what I thought was my god, the prander. On the contrary, my wish was to die. Though everybody was kind to me, and the fetters were removed from me after the first few days, I was pining away more rapidly than before. One night everybody in the ward was fast asleep, and I had been making fruitless efforts to do the same and find rest, when a most extraordinary thing happened. O Father, I cannot say this ! . . . I never said it yet to any human being. . . . No word in my native tongue will express it. . . .”

He paused for a moment, and then exclaimed :—

“O divine Mother, help me ! . . . On the wall opposite me I suddenly saw a light—a light different from

that of the sun, or of the moon, or of the stars, or of fire. All the lights I had ever seen in my life were darkness compared to this ; and though so bright and beautiful, instead of killing one's eyes, it fed and steadied them. And as that light filled me with a happiness I had never known before, I went to the wall to touch it ; but I touched nothing but the bare wall, so I came back to my mat to enjoy the light. It had now taken a form almost round [he described an oval]. That light, which certainly was not of earth, I drank in with a kind of avidity which filled my whole being. It was a rapture and a joy beyond anything I had ever imagined. No words that I know can describe it. Still it was nothing compared to what followed. . . .”

Moothosawny was gasping for breath—the bare recollection of what had taken place caused an emotion which was too great for his exhausted frame. I was afraid he was going to faint, perhaps never to recover, and almost repented having asked him to tell his story. The extraordinary expression of his countenance, however, made me hope it was only a passing exhaustion from the very depth of his feelings, and I prayed with my whole heart that Our Lord would give him strength to conclude. This pause lasted some minutes ; at last he continued, with a face which I can only call illuminated with a kind of divine joy :—

“ . . . I drank in this delight—even now I drink it in ! O Father, I could never have imagined happiness greater than that which, as it were, went through me at that moment. I could never be satisfied with the beauty of that light. It was ecstasy ! But, all of a

sudden, I began to distinguish in the midst of the light, something much brighter even than that light. It was a figure, yes—a figure of a *Räikini* [a Queen]. That light, so beautiful, was but a shadow, a mantle too, a glory round her! Oh, I drank it in—even now I drink of it!”

Again there was a pause. My eyes were full of tears, and looking at Tomé I saw the tears also running down his cheeks. The rough audience behind us was not less moved. It was not only the words, but the illuminated expression of this dying face which was so inexpressibly touching. After a little time I asked Moothoosawny how he knew that the figure he saw was a Queen.

“Because I saw and felt it,” he replied; “and in every way she was a Queen.”

“But,” I continued, “since she was so beautiful, was she black, as Indians are, or white, like the Europeans?”

“O Father, she was neither black nor white. She was light—light so far above the other glorious light around, though that had seemed to me before so inexpressibly beautiful. And she was a light, too, which I could look at! And she was goodness as much as light! And then she had such a smile! Oh, I gazed at her, and drank it all in, and even now I drink! And I know she stayed there that I might do so. And I drank in the vision with my eyes, and with my heart, and with my stretched-out arms, and with all the power of my soul. And even now I drink it in—oh, I drink! . . . How long she kept me entranced with the

sight of her I do not know. But at last she spoke to me—to me, a poor benighted pagan, who knew her not as you Christians know her; and she said:—

“ ‘Moothoosawny, put aside your grief. The prander you killed was not a god, but a creature of my Son’s, by whom all things were made. He is the only true God—all beauty, all bliss, all power, all goodness. From Him I come, from Him is all that is in me, all my happiness and brightness and glory. . . . You have kept the law of your conscience as you knew it. Then you have been put to the trial and found true. Therefore I am come to comfort you, and to tell you that you must get the spirit-cleansing water, not from any of the false preachers, but from the Catholic Swamy whom you see constantly going on yonder tower. Then you will be the child of the true God, and you shall also be my child; and soon you shall come into the kingdom of my Son, and with me, you shall drink of His glory and happiness for ever and for ever.’ ”

“ Having said this, she still smiled upon me that divine smile, and stayed on, that I might drink in her beauty—and how I drank! And oh, even now, I do still drink! . . . ”

Here emotion again choked his utterance. I asked him what language the Rāikini spoke; and as straight forwardly as, when asked whether she were white or black, he had said she was light, so he now answered: “ She spoke no language, Father, but she said it to me more plainly than words could say it.” I was quite satisfied with his answer, and after he had taken breath he went on:—

"She disappeared as she had come, by degrees. Then the light also went away; very, very slowly it faded from my sight. I got up and rushed to the wall where the light had been. I scratched the place to make the light come back: but it had gone, and I shall see it no more till I am with God and the divine Rāikini. Afterwards I went back to my mat and hid my head in my hands, and the whole night through I drank in the vision in thought; and even now, I do drink! I no longer missed my sleep; this was better than any sleep to me. A load was lifted off my heart: my grief was gone. The vision has been my life ever since. My only pain has been not to get the spirit-cleansing water. I want it, as the Rāikini told me to have it. Oh, I could not have died without it! Father, give it me quickly, that I may go soon to drink of God and His happiness with the divine Rāikini. . . . Swamy, I have said the story."

Among the serried mass of convicts behind me there had been such a stretch of deep attention and silence, that when these last words fell from the lips of Moothoosawny there was a rustle of limbs and a general movement of something like relief; but I saw that many of them were deeply impressed.

After a moment's rest, I thanked him warmly for his story, and said:—

"You see how the Providence of God has brought things about for you. First, you observed faithfully the law that God has written in the heart of every man. You obeyed the dictates of your conscience,

and in all things endeavoured to do what you thought good and right. Secondly, you endured unmerited suffering, persecution, and wrong; and you bore and accepted them all with patience and resignation. Such sufferings are good for sinful men, and win for us the mercy of God, as they are a participation in the sufferings of Him who suffered for us. And, thirdly, you were favoured with a visit of the divine Mother, the sweet and beautiful Räkini, who consoled and comforted you, and pointed out to you the way of salvation.

“And now, without any further delay, I am going to give you holy baptism, the water-bath that cleanses the soul, and then you will be ready to go and drink for ever of the happiness of God. I will give you a name very dear to me—my own father bears it—the name of John Mary. Mary, you know, is the name of the divine Räkini, and John means ‘endowed with grace’—both names are most appropriate to you.”

He thanked me most heartily, and the beautiful and solemn service was performed. After baptism, which all the surrounding pagans witnessed, I gave him a crucifix and a medal, and received him also into the Confraternity of the Scapular. Then I blessed and left him for that day; and as we walked out of the gaol, it seemed both to me and to Tomé as if we were just waking from a dream, so impressed and delighted were we both with all we had seen and heard.

Three days after Moothoosawny was dead. He had gone to his Lord and the divine Räkini to share their endless bliss.

When I next saw the convicts, they told me how

happily John Mary had died ; and from their different narratives I gathered the following words which this predestined soul said frequently to those who came near his bed :—

“ How happy I am ! I know now I have a soul, and that it will not be lost in eternal damnation, but will live for ever ; and that, with my divine Mother and Queen, I shall be admitted into the bliss of Paradise, and drink for ever of the waters of the river of God. . . .

“ When you were sent to the gaol, you considered it a very great misfortune. For me, it has been the greatest blessing, though I did not deserve it. . . . If you were told you were going to die, you would be very sorry. But if I were *not* going to die very soon, I should be very much grieved ; for it is only through the gate of death that I can see the light of heaven. . . .

“ You do not know what will become of you when you die. But I am the child of God by baptism. The divine Räkini told me what I had to do, and I have done as she said. And now I am going with her to the kingdom of her Son, my God ! ”

Repeating constantly words like these to the pagans around him, Moothoosawny departed. Not a shadow of doubt or fear crossed his mind, and his face had the same supernaturally joyful expression to the end which we had noticed when he was telling his story. His was a striking example of the way in which natural uprightness and conscientious honesty are ever rewarded by God. To such, even miraculously, He vouchsafes special graces ; and enlightens, calls, and brings them into the

true fold. How many such, even in our own land, are thus converted to the Faith?

But Moothoosawny's history teaches us yet another lesson :—the great blessings which sufferings, borne with patience and resignation, draw from the Cross of Our Blessed Lord. Pagan as he was, Moothoosawny accepted his unjust sentence without a word, as an atonement for his (supposed) sin. How hard do we find it, albeit calling ourselves Christians, to accept pain and humiliation and unmerited contempt in silence, and in the spirit of Our Divine Master !

Furthermore, this true story is, as it were, a fresh revelation of the part which Our Blessed Lady, as Mother of mercy and messenger of good tidings, is permitted to take in the salvation and sanctification of souls.

And if the reading of this short biography should incline one person to make a sacrifice, however small, in aid of heathen missions, so as to enable the "soul-cleansing water" to be poured on other pagan brows like that of Moothoosawny, and to provide more missionaries like this saintly Jesuit Father to labour amongst those who lie in darkness and the shadow of death, my object will have been attained.

THE STORY OF A SNAKE BITE.

THE following narrative of one of the many incidents in the daily life of a holy Jesuit missionary will, I feel sure be read with interest. How many such could be recorded which at present are only known to the priest and to God! Among the joys reserved for such faithful labourers in heaven, surely none will be greater than the sight of the soul in bliss, whom they have been the means of saving from a darkness worse than death. I will give this story as nearly as possible in the Jesuit Father's own words.

In the year 1872, whilst living at Negapatam, in Southern India, I used to go from our beautiful College of St. Joseph to an Oratory where the natives meet for divine service. It was the 2nd of December—that is, the eve of the feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies. This feast is kept in an especial manner in Negapatam, as also in all the places visited by the great Saint. On this evening, Father C—— had kindly volunteered to go with me to the Oratory and help me in hearing confessions, which were often very numerous. On our way we passed, to the right, the houses of the town, and to the left a narrow common covered with brushwood, which divided the road from the sea-shore.

All of a sudden, about forty yards in advance of us, we saw a stout elderly man emerging from the bushes, apparently in a state of great excitement and distress. He was carrying a child in his arms, and in a few moments he was entirely surrounded by a group of Mahometans, the street opening into the road in this quarter being exclusively inhabited by them. Not knowing the meaning of this crowd, we were preparing to turn to the other side of the road, when we heard the man calling to us in a most imploring tone of voice, "Swaminārgäl! Swaminārgäl!" (Fathers! Fathers!)

Immediately all heads were turned towards us; and an opening was instantly made in the crowd to enable us to reach the man. We had no choice in the matter, and no time to consider. On approaching him, I asked him, as kindly as I could, what was the matter. He replied, "Swamy—the snake, the snake! Look at the child!"

It was, indeed, a pitiful sight. The poor little creature had been badly bitten, and had what is called in this country the "snake-rage," infused by the venom. She was twisting and writhing like a snake; no tears or cries, for in that state they cannot utter a sound; but she foamed at the mouth, and her eyes were rolling in the most fearful manner.

I saw at once that the man was a pagan, for he had used the words "nalla paniboo," which mean the "good snake"; a name which the natives give to the cobra di capello: first, because it is one of their gods; and secondly, because they fear it so much that in their cowardice they imagine it can be flattered

by this appellation, which it so little deserves. The average number of victims to the cobra-bite in India amounts to upwards of two thousand.

"That child will be dead in five minutes," Father C—— said to me in French, so as not to be understood.

"What a blessing," I replied, "if we could baptize her, and so open to her the gates of heaven, and on the eve of St. Francis Xavier's feast, too! Poor little soul! What a surprise for her to wake up in Paradise; and how she would pray for us!"

"Yes, but if you wish to baptize her, there is no time to be lost. She has but a few minutes to live."

"Swamy!" eagerly interposed the old man, with tears in his eyes; "she is dying, she is dying!"

During these few seconds, I was praying in my mind with all my heart for light and guidance from the Holy Spirit to know what was best to be done. I was in the midst of a set of brutal beings who were the very incarnation of fanaticism; but I was not afraid, though I knew full well that they were capable of committing any sort of outrage upon us. To propose baptism at once, or simply to give it in the ordinary way, was exposing myself to failing altogether in the attempt. I had recourse therefore to stratagem, and asked, "Where did the snake bite her?"

"In the hand, Father."

I examined the poor little skinny black hand, so like a paw, and saw two parallel streaks of the deadly fangs exactly like the scratches of a thorn. There was no blood; but the venom had been instilled by those two

slight tearings of the skin, and was doing its work rapidly.

“Swamy!” continued the poor old man, “she will be dead in an instant. Oh, do make haste and give her a marundoo!” (a remedy).

“But, my good friend, I am a Catholic Swamy; therefore I can but give a Catholic marundoo.”

“That doesn’t matter, provided it be good. But, Swamy, haste, haste!”

I whispered in French to my companion, that, under the circumstances, I was going to baptize her on the hand instead of on the head, and asked him if he thought it would be valid and lawful. Father C—— replied in the affirmative, but added:—

“I think you are considering about it too long; for the poor little creature will be dead if you don’t make haste!”

“Swamy, make haste!” again shouted the poor man, and the cry was taken up by the Mahometans round us.

“Water!” I cried; and in a moment a tall, powerful Mussulman ran into the nearest house, returning in a second, bringing with him a vessel containing water. This he presented to me with a deep salaam. I dipped my finger into it, and, lifting it up, I examined the drop that hung from the tip of my finger, partly to make sure it was pure water, and partly to divert the attention of the people from my real purpose. I thought that by acting in this way they would imagine I was trusting to the virtue of the water itself to effect the cure of the child. Then addressing the man who had the poor little dying creature in his arms, I said:—

"I have told you distinctly that, being a Catholic priest, I can only apply a Catholic remedy. Do you still persist in asking for it?"

"Make haste!" shouted the man, with an accent of despair, "she is dying! Give your remedy, whatever it may be."

I then asked my companion to pay attention and notice if I performed the ceremony properly in intention, water, and words. I could not help feeling a certain amount of nervousness and emotion. Recollecting myself for a moment in fervent prayer, I then took the poor little bitten hand, plunged it in the water, washed it thoroughly, and said: "Saveriammal [Xavier], I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

In my thoughts, that little soul was almost darting from its poisoned frame to the blissful realms of the angels; but, turning to the man who held her in his arms, I simply said:—

"It is done."

"Already?" he exclaimed. "Is that all?"

"I can add something else," I answered. And standing erect, with as much dignity as I could—the dress I wore helping towards it very much—with my arm stretched out at full length, I blessed the child, using the ordinary Latin formula: "Benedictio te. . . . The blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon thee now, and remain with thee for ever. Amen."

Then, making an imperative sign for the people to make way—for the crowd had so increased as to block

up the road altogether—Father C—— and I went away with thankful hearts, congratulating ourselves upon such a happy event, and joyfully saying to one another: “What a surprise for that poor dear little soul! How she will look down upon us and bless us for being the instruments of her eternal happiness! But God alone knows the good done by the propagation of the Faith, or the favours obtained by some hidden soul, whose prayers and good deeds have called down the grace of baptism on this poor heathen child at the very hour of death.”

We went through our work that evening as usual, and returned to the college without any further thought of the incident.

The next morning I went with the same Father to celebrate the feast of St. Francis Xavier at the Oratory. On returning to the college, a little after nine o'clock, shut up in a bullock-coach to shelter us from the overpowering heat of the sun, we were suddenly stopped at that part of the road where I had baptized the child the previous evening. I called out to the driver: “What is the matter?”

He answered: “Swamy, look at the man!”

I opened the little Venetian blind and saw, hastening towards us, the man whose dying child I had baptized. When he had come close to us, I said:—

“Well, my poor fellow, did she die very soon after we left?”

He replied joyfully: “But, Swamy, you cured her! She did not die at all!”

“Did she not?” I replied sorrowfully: I thought

she would have been better with God and the angels. But then, fearing lest my incautious words should have hurt the poor man's feelings, I changed my tone. After all, if God had been thus pleased to work a miracle in order to strike those rude minds with wonder, and give them a higher idea of the "Catholic remedy," I had but one thing to do—to admire and adore His wisdom and submit my poor judgment. So, turning to the pagan, I said :—

"Look here, my good man. This wonderful cure can only be the work of God, and I rejoice at it and congratulate you with all my heart. But at the same time I have some very serious things to say to you."

"What are they, Swamy? Your servant is attentive."

I was silent for a few moments, asking the assistance of the Holy Ghost to find a solution for the difficulty—for this child was now a Christian; her parents and relations were all pagans. When I baptized her, it was with the conviction, nay, with the natural certainty, that she was dying. But now that little regenerated soul must be saved from heathenism—her Christian education must be secured. But how? To gain time, I asked the man what had taken place. He replied :—

"Swamy, I will tell you; it is very simple. The child was dying, as you and we all saw. The *visham* [venom] had almost driven all the life out of her; only one spark was left when the Swamy applied the remedy. One moment more, and you were letting her die!" he added bitterly, seeming as if he could not forgive me for having delayed so long saving his child. This, by the way, may serve to illustrate the high idea

the pagans in India have of the power of the Catholic priest. I remember a magistrate, who professed himself a bigoted Protestant, once saying to me: "Wherever the cassock of the Catholic priest passes, it leaves behind it—perhaps unknown to the wearer—a secret influence which one cannot help feeling, although one may laugh at it and be unable to account for it." I answered: "The reason is simply that he is an ordained priest. It is not his dress, but the divine character which he has received."

But to return to my story.

"At last," continued the man; "the Swamy complied with my request. The remedy was applied upon the bitten hand, and as soon as it entered, the poison began to withdraw and life returned. And the more the remedy went in, the quicker it drove the poison away, until the whole life had come back and no poison remained. We were all delighted; all the people congratulated me. And a few moments after the child was quite well, and went to play with her companions on the sands. And now I am come to thank you. That is all that took place."

On hearing this simple, unsophisticated description, which I have translated literally, we also were very joyful and congratulated him; but, in the meanwhile, the inspiration had come. I wished by my manner to impress upon him the extreme importance of what I was going to say; and to make sure that we had heard and understood correctly, I told him to listen attentively and repeat after me every word I said.

"Swamy, I listen and will repeat," he observed quietly.

"You must remember, when you insisted on giving a remedy to your child——"

He interposed. "But, Father, she is my grand-child."

I continued: "Well, your grandchild; it is the same thing. Before giving the remedy I repeatedly declared to you that, being a Catholic Swamy, I could only give a Catholic remedy; but, still, you persisted in asking for it. Well, the Catholic remedy has made that child a Catholic and a Christian."

"Alas, alas, Swamy, can this be true?" he replied with evident grief and dismay.

"Well, my first feeling was to be sad that she did not die," I answered; "but I refrained from indulging in that impulse. But are you now sorry that she is alive? Would you sooner see her dead than a Christian?"

"No, Father. But I did not know that the remedy would make her a Christian!"

"You cannot help it now; neither can I. She is a Christian. Will you repeat this?"

And he repeated the words with very tolerable accuracy. Then I went on:—

"Listen now to the second thing I have to say, which is perhaps even more important."

The poor fellow drew himself up and stood before us in an attitude of profound attention, giving one the idea that he was afraid of hearing something even more dreadful.

"You have just been telling me that as the Christian remedy was applied, the poison disappeared, and I have told you that the remedy made the child a

Catholic. Now, mark well my words. The moment you try to make that child a pagan again, in any way whatever, the remedy will go away and the poison will return." Of course I meant the venom of the infernal snake.

Here the man protested with great earnestness that he would never allow such a thing to be done, and faithfully repeated that part of my charge.

"Now for the third," I resumed. "Listen as attentively as before. According to your own words, the life this child had received through her parents was gone. The poison had driven it away. Then, just at the last moment, I put another life into her—quite a new life, did I not?"

"You did, Swamy."

"Well, by giving her this new life, I have become her father. She is now my child. Is not that very clear?"

While I was uttering these last words with great emphasis, my pagan friend was gazing at me in mute astonishment. As soon as I had finished speaking, he exclaimed with joy:—

"Oh, what an honour! what a happiness!"

I was delighted, and most thankful to God that he had taken this announcement with such pleasure. And I wound up my speech by saying:—

"Therefore, I must have all the rights of a father and mother over this child. I must look after her education and choose her school. When I pass here, she must be taught to come to me, and I will give her fruit and sweets. First of all, I will give her some clothes, that she may be fit to appear before me. And

then I will see that she is properly instructed in her religion. When the all-important time comes for her to be given in marriage, my sanction must first be obtained, as her after-life depends on such a step. Will you promise this ? ”

All was repeated with the utmost exactness by the man, who faithfully kept his share of the agreement, and everything was done as I desired as long as I remained in the Mission, the child growing up a faithful little Christian. When I was obliged to leave, I recommended her specially to a zealous Catholic old woman in the place, who loved the child, knew her whole history, and felt deeply interested in her welfare. I also gave over my paternal rights and charge to the Father who succeeded me in the Mission, and who has faithfully carried out my wishes, retaining for myself a most consoling remembrance of God's mercy and infinite goodness, to whom be all love and glory for ever and for ever. Amen.

GARCIA MORENO

(1821—1875)

BY T. J. GERRARD

JESUS CHRIST the head of a Republic ! A Republic dedicated to the Sacred Heart ! The words seem scarcely credible ; yet indeed such a scene has been witnessed within the last forty years. In the distant regions of South America a country was chosen by God for this unprecedented distinction, and there a noble son of the Catholic Church was raised up to carry out the great work—Garcia Moreno, the subject of our present memoir.

As early as the fifteenth century the evangelization of Ecuador had been entrusted by the Pope to the Spanish nation, and for a considerable time that country was faithful to its charge. There came a period, however, when the kings began to take less personal interest in the colony, and the result was that it gradually fell into the hands of unworthy representatives, who used it for their own selfish ends. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the country had become steeped in corruption and overrun with adventurers. One after another, Christian institutions were abolished, and by the banishment of the Jesuits in 1767 a final and overwhelming blow was inflicted on the religion of the country.

The revolutionary spirit of the surrounding French colonies passed into the Spanish territory, and a severe

struggle between the regal and revolutionary factions ensued. Under one Simon Bolivar the country was delivered from the tyranny of Spain, but only to be handed over to the worse tyranny of the revolutionist. To liberate the people from this slavery was the work of Garcia Moreno.

The 24th of December, 1821, saw the birth of our hero at Guayaquil. His father, Gabriel Garcia Gomez, who was of noble family, was a native of Spain, and had, at the end of the previous century, gone out to seek his fortune in America. His mother was Dona Mercedes Moreno, also of noble rank, to whom his father was married soon after taking up his home in Guayaquil. Both parents were thorough royalists and greatly devoted to the Catholic religion. Their son inherited the names as well as the virtues of both.

Through the troubled state of the country, Don Garcia Gomez had lost nearly all his property and was reduced to very low circumstances. By this time, however, his six elder children had been brought up, and were able to make their way in the world; but the youngest, Garcia, was as yet a mere child, and the funds necessary for his education were not forthcoming. But his mother was ready for and equal to such an occasion, and she herself undertook her son's education, relying on Providence to supply anything which might be wanting in her efforts. Thus Garcia became passionately fond of his mother, and in after years, when far away in another part of the world, he would recall the scene of his old home with the remark: "I know there are two good things in Guayaquil, my mother and—bananas."

If he learnt the gentler virtues from his mother, the sterner virtues were imparted to him by his father. One of the failings of his childhood was that he used to show excessive signs of fear and timidity, and this was particularly the case if he found himself in darkness, or happened to experience a storm. His father saw that if he was to realize the great things expected of him, this weakness must be overcome. So one day, when a thunderstorm was raging over the city, he shut the child out on a balcony and left

him there until he had become quite accustomed to the noise of the wind and thunder. With trials such as this, and familiarity with the tumultuous scenes which he witnessed around his home, he became thoroughly steeled for the hard future that was before him. He had passed through the more elementary stages of his education, and it became necessary for him to proceed to some school for a course of higher studies. Here another unforeseen difficulty arose—his father died, and this at a time when his help was most needed. Again the mother placed her confidence in heaven, and again not in vain. A religious was found who undertook the instruction of the youth, and who soon discovered that he was possessed not only of keen powers of perception, but also of the principle of hard work.

Garcia proceeded in this way until he reached the age of fifteen years, when the good monk found the lad's energy too much for his time and attention, and it was necessary to seek out a new sphere for the student's labours. Guayaquil had no school of higher studies, and so the University of Quito was suggested. But, alas! whence were to come the means to procure a university education? It happened that the venerable religious had two sisters in Quito: young Moreno was allowed to lodge with these, and was thus able to pursue his course without undue anxiety. After a year of classical studies he passed to the college of San Fernando for a three years' course of philosophy, mathematics, and the natural sciences. The University of Quito, whilst under the protection of Spain, had held a reputation for teaching sound scholastic doctrine; but with the political corruption of the country there had also crept in a corruption of the schools of philosophy. In Quito, as at Paris, St. Thomas had been laid aside to give place to the innovator Descartes. Garcia Moreno had a mind too broad and too penetrating to be misled by the teaching offered by the secular professors of this modern school; and in spite of these unhealthy surroundings he managed to keep in touch with the Church, which as yet had charge of the faculty of

theology. His favourite themes were the nature of God, and the nature of the human soul ; though he ever kept in view the necessity of having a complete grasp of philosophy as a whole. Out of a class of several hundred students, he so excelled in his philosophy that he was invariably chosen to defend in the public disputations. His ardour in his scholastic duties was only equalled by his burning desire for the service of God and the glory of the Church, and he made it a rule to approach the sacraments at least once a week.

Imbued with these high principles, and seeing the danger in which the Church stood on account of the novel doctrines which were then being propagated, Moreno felt that he was called to a more direct and active service in the Church of God. He had now arrived at the age of twenty, and his thoughts turned to the question of an ecclesiastical vocation. The signs of God's call were not altogether conclusive, but they were sufficient to justify his making the trial. One day he opened his mind to the Bishop-designate of Guayaquil, who after due consideration expressed an opinion that he had a vocation, and advised him to enter the clerical state at once. A few days later the young student received tonsure and four minor orders. Night and day he pored over his philosophy ; for recreation he betook himself to the study of foreign languages ; and when overcome by fatigue he would throw himself on his mattress without divesting himself of his clothes, so as to be ready for work when he awoke in the morning. Under this severe *régime* his health began to give way, and he became afflicted with a disorder of the nerves and an affection of the eyes, in consequence of which he was obliged to relax his efforts.

As he advanced towards manhood and began to inquire more into his own nature, he perceived that his character and disposition were scarcely those suited for the priesthood, but that, instead of serving God in that order, he should rather be the defender and supporter of it ; that he was more fitted to

occupy a position something like that of Constantine in the early Church, whose title of "external bishop" was afterwards conferred on Moreno. How best to accomplish this end was his next serious consideration. During his residence at the University he had observed that the natural and canon law had fallen into obscurity, and that there was being taught instead the pernicious doctrine of the absolute supremacy of the State. Here, then, was the scope and object of his future labours; so for the purpose of putting himself in the way of fighting against this evil system, he adopted the legal profession.

During the course of his studies for the law, one of Moreno's greatest temptations was to waste his time in attendance at evening parties and other social meetings of the kind. Moreover, he found that these distractions tended to lessen his fervour with regard to his religious duties. Extreme measures were necessary, and the expedient to which he had recourse—that of shaving his head like a monk—was characteristic of the man, and undoubtedly showed that he meant to be earnest and thorough in the training under which he was about to place himself. Though he had gained many conquests over himself, he had yet many faults to overcome, especially that of giving way to sudden outbursts of temper. However, by a system of constant examination of conscience, he at length brought his passions under complete control.

Having completed his legal training, at the age of twenty-three he was called to the bar. His career in the law courts, though not of long duration, was marked no less by a clearness and vigour of reasoning than by an unswerving fidelity to the cause of truth and justice. He never would undertake the defence of a bad cause. One day a judge asked him to defend a notorious murderer. "My lord," said Moreno, addressing the judge, "you may be sure that it would be more easy for me to shoot the assassin than to defend him." As time went on he became more and more involved in politics, and at length was obliged to relinquish his profession. In

1846 he married a lady of large fortune, Señora Rosa Ascasubi. Being thus relieved from all pecuniary anxiety, he retired with his wife to a country house, and there gave his whole attention to the desire of his heart, the regeneration of his country.

The tide of affairs had now sunk to a very low ebb. The treasury was empty and in a state of bankruptcy; the land was overrun with banditti and adventurers of the worst type; from different parts news came of riot and insurrection, and the whole country was on the verge of civil war. Moreno plunged into the thick of the fight, but so great were the odds which he had to contend against, that he seemed destined to encounter nothing but failure. His young, ardent spirit was not yet tempered by experience, and he did many things which a maturer judgement would have avoided. Under the respective titles of *The Whip*, *The Avenger*, and *The Devil*, he published, from time to time, journals, the effect of which was to irritate his enemies rather than conciliate them. At the end of 1849 he saw that, for the present, his case was hopeless, and that he must wait for time to afford him a more favourable opportunity. Meanwhile, however, he had much to do in the way of preparing himself for his future work.

As yet Moreno's horizon was limited to the states of South America, and he needed more of the study of European thought. For this purpose he decided to visit England, France, and Germany, and at once set out for these countries, in each of which he spent a few months. When he thought that the revolutionary spirit was somewhat exhausted, he again set sail for the land of his birth, convinced that the only saviour of his country was Jesus Christ, and that a state without a religion was entirely at the mercy of the sword of the autocrat or the dagger of the anarchist. On reaching the Isthmus of Panama, and when on the point of departure for Guayaquil, he observed, standing near a ship about to sail for England, a party of religious, looking very downcast and sad. They were Jesuits who had just been banished by a Freemason government from the kingdom of New

Granada. Moreno proposed that they should accompany him to Quito, and offered to do all in his power to procure for them a favourable reception there. As they were being shadowed by their enemies, the superior was somewhat reluctant to accept this proposal, but after further assurances from Moreno he consented. On their arrival in Quito an envoy from the country whence they had been banished demanded their interdiction. Through the diplomacy of Moreno, however, they were allowed to remain, and shortly afterwards an act was passed by the Congress, recalling the other Jesuits who had been banished from Ecuador.

Though baffled for a time, the enemy only became more active than heretofore, and set about preparing for a still more furious outbreak. The diplomatic representative of New Granada took occasion to write a pamphlet against the Order, impugning their constitutions, doctrine, morals, and even the personal conduct of individual members. Their bright prospect became overcast, and it seemed as if they must seek yet another place of exile, when Moreno again came forward as their champion. Taking up his caustic pen, he wrote his famous pamphlet, *Defensa de los Jesuitas*, in which, one by one, he refuted all the calumnies which had been formulated against the Society. "I shall be called a fanatic," he wrote, "and a Jesuit, because I have devoted myself to writing this defence, but for this I care little. I am a Catholic, and indeed proud of it, although I cannot number myself among the most fervent ones of my communion. I love my country with a passionate love, and I regard it as my duty to labour for her welfare. As a Christian and a patriot I cannot keep silence on a question which is of the highest importance to my religion and my fatherland. Furthermore, it is natural for me to take up the cause of the weak and the oppressed. Tyranny disgusts me, wherever I meet with it, and I detest the cold barbarism of those who will not interfere between murderer and victim. You endeavour to persuade us that you exterminate the Jesuits through love of the Church,

and for the greater glory of Catholicism. It is a lie ! You do not strike the Jesuits for the welfare of Catholicism. It is an historical truth that all the enemies of the Church have abhorred the Company of Jesus. You say with Calvin, 'The Jesuits are our greatest adversaries ; we must either kill them, banish them, or ruin them by means of lying and calumny.' You desire to throw down the pillars in order to destroy the temple, and to dismantle the Church in the face of her oppressors. . . . We know that war has been declared, not against the Jesuits, but against the priesthood and against the Catholic faith. The Jesuits will be proscribed, then the secular clergy, and, finally, all the children of the Church. But we shall march to battle under the guidance of Eternal Providence, and if, like the Israelites of old, it shall be necessary for us to pass through the waters of the Red Sea, God will open the way for His chosen people, and when we shall have arrived on the other shore, we will raise the song of triumph and deliverance."

This writing had the desired effect. Peace was restored, though it was only to be for a short time. During 1851 and 1852 the arch-enemies of New Granada continued to trouble Ecuador, and early in 1853 they brought about the second expulsion of the Jesuits. Moreno, as the confederate of the society, was arrested and thrown into prison. By a clever strategem he made his escape, and after undergoing many hardships and privations, managed to cross the frontier. During this exploit an incident occurred which shows the fidelity with which he observed the ordinances of his religion. One evening he arrived, very much fatigued, at an inn in the middle of a forest. The innkeeper, whose stock of provisions was very limited, placed before him a cold chicken. Moreno remembered that it was Friday, and refused to take the tempting morsel, making his meal off the only other choice, a kind of weak porridge.

From his place of exile Moreno endeavoured to carry on his work by means of journalism, but finding this method ineffective, he resolved to repeat his

former experiment of going to Europe, there to await a more favourable opportunity, and in the meantime to improve his knowledge in the difficult science of politics. Towards the end of November, 1854, he embarked for Panama, and a month later found himself in Paris. As his patron St. Ignatius had done two centuries before him, he here began a probation which was to prove of the highest importance in his after career. Here, amid all the pleasures and attractions of the gayest of cities, he began the work of developing his mental powers to their utmost capacity. Along with his intellectual culture he carried on a rigorous purification of his soul. He placed himself under a rule of mortification seldom heard of outside the severest of cloisters. He took rooms in an out-of-the-way street, far away from the noise of the boulevards, and with his books as companions, he threw himself into his studies with an ardour which nothing but a constitution of iron could have borne. Of this time he wrote, "I study sixteen hours a day, and if there were forty-eight hours in the day I should spend forty of them without moving away from my books." He was exceedingly jealous of his time, as is seen from the following incident. Being very fond of smoking, he had brought with him from America a box of choice cigars. A friend happened to call on him one day, whom he begged to take away the whole box, complaining that he could not spare the few moments which it must take "to light those miserable cigars." He received his lessons in company with a young man from North America, who happened to be studying the same subjects as Moreno. So great was the progress of Moreno, that the professor suggested to the companion that it would be too difficult to keep up with him. "We will try," replied the student, and for some weeks he kept up the pace. Moreno found that he was going too slowly, and so roused himself to greater efforts. The unhappy American swore that he would follow him or die in the attempt; in less than a year he died.

Moreno chose for his special studies, law, history, the

natural sciences, and mathematics, taking up politics and literature by way of relaxation. He became so absorbed in these studies, however, that gradually his spiritual affairs got neglected and his piety somewhat cooled. He was afflicted with remorse of conscience at this, although he did not at once set about amending the matter. An unexpected incident, however, afforded him his opportunity. One day he was walking in the gardens of the Luxembourg with some of his fellow-countrymen, companions in exile. The topic of conversation was an unfortunate man who had lived for years in utter indifference to his religion, and who, when on his death-bed, had refused the last sacraments. Some of Moreno's companions praised the man, and admired his courage in holding to his opinions even in the face of death. Moreno, on the contrary, took up the other side and convinced them of the awful judgment awaiting such a death. His opponents, however, went on to attack the dogmas of the Church with the common oft-repeated objections. Moreno responded perfectly, and proceeded to speak of the beauty of the articles of the Christian religion. "Although your religion may be so beautiful," said one, "at any rate you do not practice what you preach. How long is it since you went to confession?" For a moment Moreno was put to confusion, but after a little thought his answer was ready. "You have given me a capital argument to-day," said he, "but I promise you that by this time to-morrow it will be worth nothing." Whereupon he turned aside and went straight to his rooms, where he shut himself up and remained long in profound meditation. That night he sought out his spiritual father and made his confession, and on the following morning sealed the good resolution of leading a new life by approaching Holy Communion. With this new strength he henceforth kept up his religious fervour, which he fostered by a daily attendance at Holy Mass and a constant use of the devotion of the Rosary.

During the absence of Moreno, Ecuador had sunk to the lowest depths possible. The efforts of the

Freemason government had done much to weaken the Church, though as yet it had not dared to banish the bishops and their priests, as it had the Jesuits. It had ruined the University, destroyed the Catholic colleges, and abandoned the schools of elementary education. Justice was everywhere ignored, and the country was overrun by robbers and banditti. Many of the clergy had become untrustworthy, and even the religious orders were somewhat infected with the spirit of revolution. Under this condition of affairs, Moreno once more set out for his native country, and towards the end of 1856 arrived in Ecuador, to the great joy of his fellow-countrymen. For a time he devoted his attention to the work of putting the University on a firm basis, and, needless to say, the experience gained in Paris proved of the greatest utility to him in this direction. A few months later he was re-elected to the senate, much to the discomfiture of Urbina, the president for the time being. During the first session he turned the House against the Liberals in power, who, seeing their ground giving way beneath them, resolved on a last determined effort. Without any apparent reason, and contrary to the wish of the people, they dissolved the Congress.

Exasperated by their long servitude, the people now began to bestir themselves. Under Moreno they protested against the action of the government, but finding their demands were ignored, they resorted to arms and an insurrection was organized. The leaders of the government were defeated, and sought refuge in flight from the country. Moreno, who as a soldier had led the people in battle, again returned to his duty as statesman, and by common consent was placed at the head of government. Under his firm hand peace was fully restored, though it was destined to be only short-lived. The officers of the army were untrustworthy, and matters again came to a crisis, when the commander-in-chief openly threatened to shoot Garcia if he did not abdicate. Again his adversaries were successful and he was taken prisoner. As before, he

managed to evade his keepers, and was placed again at the head of the army. War was waged, and at the taking of Guayaquil, where the enemy had taken up their position, Moreno became complete master of the situation, and the people, tired of civil war, consented to submit to his guidance and rule. The capture of Guayaquil took place on the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, 1860 ; and Moreno decreed that, as an act of gratitude to the Mother of our Divine Redeemer, the army of the Republic should be placed under her special protection, and that the anniversary of this event should be celebrated by the attendance of the whole army at the solemn rites of the Church.

Shortly afterwards Moreno was formally elected president. Through the varying phases of the civil war, the once Catholic people had almost lost their religion : the army was still in a precarious condition, the treasury was empty and bankrupt, agriculture abandoned, and commerce destroyed. A stupendous work now lay before the new president. He began by calling a new Congress, and seeing that only worthy men were placed in positions of trust. He next turned his attention to the finances of the country, going through the several departments personally. Many times drastic measures had to be taken to preserve the discipline of the army. His chief hope, however, lay in the moral and religious forces of the Church, and so he turned his attention in this direction. The privileges of church patronage, granted in times past by the Roman Pontiffs to the Kings of Spain, had fallen into great abuse, and many evils had arisen in consequence. Unfit persons were placed in authority, with the result that the spirit of revolution had infected nearly all orders of the clergy, both secular and regular. Their irregularities were as yet confined to breaches of discipline ; but this, together with the influence of the new philosophy, was simply preparing the way for the worse sins of heresy and schism. In other words, the revolutionary leaders were about to convert the Church into a national institution, subject to the complete

control of the State, and severed from communion with the Holy See.

Moreno obtained powers from Congress to conclude an agreement, or Concordat as it is called, with the Supreme Pontiff. Having obtained this permission, his next care was to find a suitable person to carry out the mission to the Papal Court. He made a happy choice in Don Ignacio Ordóñez, then Archdeacon of Cuenca, who was thereupon appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at Rome. The message which the President sent to the Pope was couched in terms as humble as they were clear and precise. He desired to see the complete freedom of the Church established, and to secure a thorough reform amongst the clergy : so he asked the Holy Father to send a nuncio invested with full powers for carrying out this two-fold object.

The embassy was well received at Rome, and after some deliberation the Concordat was signed by the Pope's chief minister and by the representative of Ecuador. Monsignor Tavani was appointed Apostolic Legate, and he proceeded at once to Quito in company with Ordóñez. The President was satisfied with the Concordat as far as it went, for it had provided for the full emancipation of the Church from State control. Much to his disappointment, however, he found that no provision had been made for the reform of the clergy. It must not be imagined that the Holy Father in any way undervalued this part of Moreno's proposal ; he was, in fact, as anxious for its execution as the president himself, but desired that if possible the reform should be brought about by kindness and persuasion rather than by coercion. Whilst appreciating the Holy Father's largeness of heart, Moreno knew the case better, and felt convinced that nothing less than the most rigorous procedure could obtain the desired end. Accordingly, he instructed his minister Ordóñez to go again to Rome with the following message : "Tell the Pope," he said, "that I accept all the articles of the Concordat, but only on condition that he insists on the reform of the clergy. If he

cannot insist on the reform, I cannot insist on the Concordat."

Ordóñez again set out for the Eternal City, and arrived there, much to the surprise of Pius IX. "Undoubtedly," exclaimed the Pope, "you have come to report as Cæsar once did, '*Veni, vidi, vici*.'" "On the contrary," replied the envoy, "I have come to announce to your Holiness that the President refuses to sign the Concordat." On the Pope manifesting his surprise, Ordóñez proceeded to explain that if His Holiness could understand the situation as Moreno did, he would see clearly that only the means proposed by the President could be efficacious, and that without the immediate reform of the clergy the execution of the Concordat was impossible. The arguments of Moreno removed the scruples of the Pope, and the Legate received full powers to carry out the asked-for reforms. A month later the Concordat was publicly promulgated throughout Ecuador. At Quito the event was signalized by the celebration of High Mass in the Cathedral, after which the President and the Legate, in the presence of the whole of the civil and military authorities, affixed their signatures to the document. A solemn *Te Deum* was then chanted, volleys of artillery were fired, and the Papal flag was hoisted with that of the Republic in token of the union which henceforth was to exist between Church and State. By this act of Christian policy Moreno raised himself to a position unique in the history of modern nations, and he may justly be said to have accomplished in his day what Constantine, Charlemagne, and St. Louis respectively did in theirs.

The principle laid down by a distinguished writer, that the health of an organic body is manifested by its power to cast off local corruptions, was clearly demonstrated by the reformation of the Church of Ecuador. The deplorable state of the Church, the general laxity and immorality of the clergy, have been already described. This was the plague-spot which, by the hand of Garcia Moreno, was to be removed from the body of the Spouse of Christ.

Moreno's first act was to summon a council at which worthy bishops were appointed to the vacant sees, and also to three newly created. The canon laws, which had fallen into disuse, were renewed and put into full force. The liturgy was re-introduced ; seminaries were established for the training of worthy priests, and each bishop was compelled to carry out a thorough reform of his diocese. The regular clergy were even more difficult to deal with ; but the legate was unflinching in his duty and was supported by the secular arm of Moreno. The worst were sent abroad, or had respectable situations found for them amongst the laity. The few who were found faithful, or at least willing to observe their rule in the future were allowed to remain ; and in order to help them to persevere, other religious brought over from Europe were introduced into their houses. The result of all this was that the condition of the Church improved far more than the good President had expected, and along with this there was a corresponding improvement in the political and social condition of the Republic.

The enemy, however, was active, and several times during the next few years conspiracies were formed against Moreno and his government. One of the worst of these was that arranged by one General Maldonado, an aspirant for the presidency, who had bribed an aide-de-camp of Moreno's to betray his master. The news came to the ears of the President, and the traitor was captured and thrown into prison, and in due course was tried and condemned to death. Moreno personally visited him in his cell and tried to convince him of the atrocity of his crime. At first the criminal showed signs of pride and resentment, but Moreno reasoned with him, and by his kind though firm manner persuaded him to prepare for death. "Prepare yourself to appear before God," were his last words, "for to-morrow at the appointed hour you will cease to live." On the departure of Moreno, the condemned man asked for a priest, and fulfilled all the obligations of his conscience.

Maldonado had many friends in the city, and

much feeling was shown when it became known that he was to be shot in one of the public squares. An insurrection was pending, and it was hoped that the sentence would be commuted. Owing to a report that the President had changed his mind a messenger was sent to ascertain the truth. "Tell the colonel in command," was the answer of Moreno, "that if, at five o'clock, I do not hear the shots of the executioners, the colonel himself will be shot." At the time fixed Maldonado paid the extreme penalty. The crowd, though on the verge of revolt, were silenced and terrified when they saw Moreno, alone and unguarded, leave the palace and calmly walk through the streets to inspect some works which happened to be in progress at the time.

At the commencement of 1865 his four years' term of office came to an end. The Republic was now on a firm basis, the revolutionary party had received its quietus, the Concordat was established, and both ecclesiastical and social reform was in an advanced stage of progress. On all sides commerce and agriculture had improved, and never before in the history of Ecuador had it seemed to have such a future before it. According to the constitution, under no circumstances could the President seek re-election; but a man in every way satisfactory to Moreno, Don Jeronimo Carrion, was elected. Moreno himself was sent on an embassy to Chili, and there acquitted himself with his usual ability.

On his return, however, Moreno found his worst fears realized. Carrion had fallen and the enemy were again about to assume power. But with the energetic help of Moreno, the best substitute to be found, Xavier Espinoza, was returned for the presidency. Though a good churchman, Espinoza was a poor statesman, and very soon had to relinquish the reins of government. To add to the difficulty, Moreno's health now failed him, and it was necessary for him to retire to the country. For the place of his much needed rest he hired a small estate in the north, and here we may take a glimpse of the home-life of our hero.

In addition to the cares of the State he had now family troubles to bear. The loss of his loving wife was a sad bereavement to him. Some time later he married again, his second wife being Mariana de Alcazar, a lady of noble birth. Their first child, a daughter, lived only a few months. Moreno suffered terrible anguish at this, and was only comforted by the birth of a son, on whom he lavished the most tender affection. When sending his child to school for the first time, Moreno gave instructions to the superior that above all things he desired his son to be brought up a good Christian. "But," he added, "if he does wrong you must not consider him as the son of the President, but you must punish him as you think proper." About this time death deprived him of his mother. In a letter to his cousin he thus speaks of her: "How frequently in my childish days did she earnestly endeavour to impress upon me that sin is the only evil really to be dreaded. She used to tell me that I should enjoy abiding peace of mind, if only I could be willing and ready to sacrifice everything—worldly possessions, honour, and even life itself, rather than offend God."

Moreno was most attentive to his religious duties; not contenting himself with assisting at Mass every morning, he undertook the further duties of performing the work of sacristan, and of serving at the Holy Sacrifice. Yet even in the midst of these peaceful surroundings, and although still unfit for active work, he was ever ready at his country's service should emergency demand it. This opportunity was soon afforded him. One night the people of Ibarra, the country in which Moreno lived, were visited by a terrible earthquake which devastated the land. The Congress appointed Moreno governor of the province, giving him full powers of administration. Crowds of banditti rushed to the scene in hope of plunder. Moreno, after first ordering all the provisions on his estate to be sent to the sufferers, placed himself at the head of an armed force and drove out the marauders.

Very shortly the land was again flourishing, and in recognition of his services Moreno became the recipient of a gold medal set with diamonds, inscribed, "To the Saviour of Ibarra." With the bracing air of the country and the period of calm rest, Moreno recruited his health, and before he was yet perfectly strong, he was called, like Cincinnatus of old, from the plough to take up the reins of the State. He was elected president by a large majority. But it was not until after much persuasion that he was prevailed on to accept office. His first work was to re-model the constitution. He found that his people loved the Republican form of government, and set about arranging a constitution in which attention was paid to the will of the people and the demands of religion.

The first article of the new constitution ordained that the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion be the religion of the State, and that the public authority afford it all the support and protection in its power. It further ordered that every elector and every person holding public office should profess the Catholic religion. Naturally enough the Freemasons objected to all this. But Moreno was firm. "If a non-Catholic," he said, "may exercise the rights of a citizen, it follows that a Jew, a Protestant, or an apostate may become a magistrate, a deputy, or even president, and without the law or the people being able to hinder him, he may contaminate society with principles so immoral and unholy as will very soon bring on its ruin." With these proposals he appealed to the country. The answer was more than he could have hoped for, for his suggested constitution was carried by fourteen thousand votes against a minority of five hundred.

The army next demanded his attention. The best officers were chosen and sent to be trained in the military schools of France and Germany. The discipline, which was at a very low ebb, was raised to a high level of perfection. The care paid to the military condition of the army was only equalled by that given to its spiritual welfare, and under the direction of specially appointed army chaplains,

attendance at Mass on days of obligation was made compulsory. By this means the army became the envy of South America. The kindness and justice of Moreno won for him a place in the hearts of all, officers and men alike. One day a sick soldier came to him to complain that the treasurer had unduly kept back his salary. The defaulter was summoned to give an account of his action, but he denied the charge. Moreno asked for his book, and finding that the poor soldier was right, he ordered the treasurer to write as follows: "Received from the treasurer of the nation fifty piastres, a fine imposed by the President of the Republic in punishment of a vile lie." The man paid the money, and was glad to escape so easily.

Another of the many cares of the President was the attention he paid to the sick. He passed not a day without visiting the great hospital which bears the name of St. John of God, and here he was equally assiduous in inquiring into the individual cases of the ordinary hospital patients, the lepers, or the lunatics, all of whom were provided for. Nor did he confine his works of mercy to the capital city, but in every town of importance in the kingdom he established hospitals, placing all in charge of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

In the matter of education also he left no department unprovided for. The primary schools were entrusted to the Christian Brothers, while the higher schools and colleges were handed over to the care of the Jesuit Fathers and the Nuns of the Sacred Heart. The missions of the interior were placed in the hands of the Redemptorists, the Capuchins, and the Dominicans. So great was the religious revival that we hear of the whole army making the spiritual exercises once a year. Moreno himself wrote on this subject: "God indeed has given us His blessing, for the country has made real progress. Moreover, owing to the labours of the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the Redemptorists, and other religious orders who have helped our own

good priests, there is everywhere a manifest change in the condition of the people. The number of those who this Lent have approached the sacrament of reconciliation is incalculable. In our younger days we were accustomed to consider those who fulfilled their duties as exceptional cases, but to-day those rather are counted as exceptions who neglect them. Furthermore, our material progress is no less astonishing. We may truly say that God is leading us by the hand, even as a tender father leads his child who is just learning to walk." Garcia Moreno was indeed a true pastor of the people, and feared nothing, not even death, if it was for their welfare. Nay, he had oftentimes expressed the wish that he might be granted the privilege of shedding his blood for Jesus Christ and the Holy Church. It would also follow as a matter of course that a soul so full of Catholic instinct should have a great devotion to the Holy Mother of God.

It is related that one day a botanist who had discovered a new passion flower (*Tacsonia*), asked permission to name it after Moreno. "If you wish to please me," replied the President, "leave my poor name out altogether; make an offering of it to the Flower of Heaven, call it *Tacsonia Mariae*."

Moreno rose at five o'clock and at six heard Mass, after which he remained in church for half an hour's meditation. The day so well begun was continued with the same untiring zeal. His next duty was to visit the lepers or the lunatics in the hospital, after which he studied until ten. Having partaken of a very slight breakfast he proceeded at once to the ministerial offices, where he was occupied with the business of the State until three in the afternoon. After dinner, which was at four, he usually went for a walk, when he took the opportunity of inspecting any improvements which might be going on in the city. He was accustomed to spend the early part of the evening in recreation with his family, or in entertaining a small party of friends. Punctually at nine o'clock he again retired to his study for another two hours, when he finished any

work which had been left over from the earlier part of the day. Although of necessity his mind was thus concentrated on things mundane, Moreno endeavoured to perform all his actions as if in the presence of God. In addition to the many visits which he made daily to the Blessed Sacrament it was his delight to accompany the viaticum when taken to the sick. We need hardly say that a man with such devotion to his God in the Eucharist was also inflamed with an intense love of the Sacred Heart. He used every endeavour to propagate this latter devotion, and at length persuaded the Congress to pass an official decree dedicating the Republic to the Sacred Heart. Among the saints, after our Lady, St. Joseph perhaps may be said to have held the highest place in Moreno's affection; for when Pius IX., in proclaiming St. Joseph patron and protector of the Universal Church, offered to allow the feast to be observed as a holiday of obligation, in any country whose sovereign should request it, Garcia Moreno alone applied for the privilege.

In the beginning of 1875 the term of his presidency expired. The law prohibiting re-election had already been repealed, so Moreno was again able to seek the suffrages of the people. Practically the whole of the electors were in his favour, and he was returned with scarcely any opposition. He was warned from different quarters that plots were laid against him, and his friends were most anxious that he should take precautions accordingly. "What can you suggest to me?" said the President. "I suppose you would surround me with a body-guard. But who would protect me against those whom you put to defend me, if perchance they were bribed? I prefer to trust in God as my escort." And with this confidence he went about for some months without any fear whatever.

In the beginning of August a religious wrote to him that the Freemasons were plotting against him, and that the conspiracy had assumed a definite shape, the name of a certain Rayo being mentioned as one of the

hired assassins. "Rayo!" exclaimed Moreno, "this must be a calumny. I saw him go to Holy Communion only a few days ago. Such a Christian cannot be an assassin." And the pure-minded man would not believe the report. Yet he could not altogether ignore the many warnings which continued to reach him day by day. On the fourth of August, in bidding goodbye to a friend, he thus gave expression to his apprehensions: "Adieu!" said he, "we shall see each other no more. I am going to be assassinated, but I shall be happy to die for my faith: we shall meet again in heaven."

On the following day a message arrived from Lima to the effect that in that city the assassination was considered as an accomplished fact. His counsellors advised him to go into hiding. "No!" said the brave Christian, "the enemies of God and the Church are able to kill me, but God does not die." The next day was the Feast of the Transfiguration, and according to his custom, at six in the morning Moreno made his way to the church of St. Dominic in order to hear Mass. It also happened to be the first Friday in the month, the day specially dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and as was his wont he approached the Holy Table. Moreno prolonged his thanksgiving until eight o'clock; he then went home and spent the morning following his usual routine, and at one o'clock left for his business at the Government House. On his way thither it was necessary to pass the Cathedral, and before entering the palace he desired to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. He knelt long in deep contemplation before the Most Holy. But his murderers had tracked him even to this sacred spot, and one, the trusted Rayo, thirsting for the blood of his victim, could wait no longer. He entered the church, and informed the President that an affair of importance required his attention outside. Moreno, prompt at the call of duty, rose immediately and left the church. Ere he had gone many steps Rayo seized a double-edged knife from under his cloak, and approaching the President from behind inflicted

a terrible wound on the shoulder. "Vile assassin!" cried Moreno. While attempting to take his revolver from his breast-pocket he received another frightful gash on the head. Other accomplices then closed around and fired on him with revolvers. He still maintained an upright position, and for a moment or two kept his enemies at bay, when Rayo, with a double stroke from his knife, disabled his left arm, and at the same time almost severed the hand from the right arm. Then came a second discharge from the revolvers and the heroic victim staggered and fell. Rayo, with the rage of a tiger, sprang on to the dying man to give the finishing blow. "Die, thou destroyer of liberty!" shrieked the villain, making another terrible slash at his head. The words of his life-long motto were on his lips as Moreno lay breathing his last. "*Dios no muere*," gasped the Christian hero. "God does not die! God does not die!"

Meanwhile the noise of the shots attracted a crowd around, and soldiers ran out from the neighbouring barracks. The priests hastened from the Cathedral, and were ready to administer the last rites of the Church, if perchance Moreno still lived. But he could neither speak nor move. He was carried into the Cathedral and laid before the altar of Our Lady of Sorrows. On being asked if he forgave his murderers, his lips again moved to grant pardon to all. The grace of absolution descended upon him, the sacrament of Extreme Unction was administered; and thus fortified his soul passed away. On his breast was found a relic of the True Cross, the scapular of the Sacred Passion and that of the Sacred Heart; round his neck was his rosary. In his pocket a note-book was discovered, on the last page of which he had written the following words: "My Lord Jesus Christ, do Thou give me love and humility, and teach me what I must do this day for Thy service." In answer to this generous offer God claimed the blood of the martyr, and certainly it was most willingly given, as he had written to the Holy Father only a month previously,

“for Him who, being God, hath desired to pour out His own for us on the Cross.”

As the news spread throughout the country the grief and mourning became universal—a conclusive proof that Moreno's death was not the wish of the people, but the work of a few unprincipled wretches, the tools of the Masonic sect. On the day of the funeral an immense crowd assembled in the Cathedral to pay their tribute of respect to the remains of their beloved President, and great was their emotion when the dean ascended the pulpit to pronounce the funeral oration. He chose for his text the appropriate words of Scripture, “The people of Israel wept much, and their mourning lasted many days; and they said, ‘How is the mighty man fallen, that saved the people.’”

The people now cried for the death of the conspirators, who were at length taken and brought to justice. Rayo had been shot dead by a soldier as soon as he had committed the deed. Cheques on the Bank of Peru found on his person after death proved that he had sold his master for money.

The story of Garcia Moreno is now told throughout the civilized world. When Pius IX. heard of his death he exclaimed, “Il est tombé victime, le chevalier du Christ!” And a few years ago Leo XIII., in speaking of “the illustrious Garcia Moreno,” reckoned him as “a man who was a champion of the Catholic Faith, to whom may be justly applied the words used by the Church for St. Thomas of Canterbury —

“‘Pro Ecclesia gladiis impiorum occubuit.’”

PERSECUTION

BY THE REV. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J.

The Church never persecutes. This proposition is tenable and true in the strict scientific sense of the words. But it must be freely confessed, and we do confess accordingly, that in the popular and common English sense of the words the Catholic Church has persecuted, and still claims the right to persecute.

I have written enough already to rouse the British lion to fury, should he deign to take any notice of my words. I have now to endeavour by explanations to soothe the noble creature down. I ask to be heard with a little patience, and to be allowed to proceed with my task leisurely and gradually, in my own way. I ask also, with the feelings of one who has suffered already, that isolated sentences may not be quoted apart from the explanation which the context affords.

I am not going here to quote any authorities. All that I am about to say is, I believe, borne out by the authorities quoted with minute reference in the first two of my *Oxford Conferences*, to which I refer the reader.¹

Supposing the Pope, having the physical force requisite, were to march an army into South Africa, or into Morocco, and were to compel the Mohammedan natives

¹ *Oxford Conferences, Lent and Summer Terms, 1897*, price 1s. net (London, Burns & Oates).

to receive baptism under pain of being bayoneted or shot. That would be persecution. That is a thing which the Church has no right to do. She has no right to employ force to compel people to become Catholics. There is only one legitimate way for her to make converts; that way is persuasion. It has never been her practice to force people to join her communion. In the days of her strength, when Europe was Catholic, that was not done. Jews were not forced to be baptized. The Crusades were not undertaken to Christianize the followers of Mohammed. As the Anglo-Saxon kings, one after another, became Christian, they put no constraint on their subjects to follow their example. It may be, however, that not all Catholic sovereigns have abided by this rule—not Louis XIV., for instance, in his violent proceedings against the Huguenots, or the Spanish monarchs in their dealings with the Moors and Jews. We are not concerned with the doings of this or that king, or of this or that bishop, but with the conduct of the Church as a whole, with the teaching of the Popes and of the great Catholic theologians. Thence we gather this unmistakable and authentic rule, that people are not to be brought into membership of the Catholic Church by force; nor are those who are not Christians to be hindered from practising their own religious rites, so long as those rites offend not against natural decency and humanity. Human sacrifices clearly cannot be tolerated, nor flagrant immodesties in the name of religion.

There is some difficulty about the prohibition of pagan worship by the later Christian emperors of Rome: to which it may be replied, first, that such worship was sometimes accompanied by gross indecency; secondly, that the theological zeal of more than one emperor was in excess of knowledge, as the Church herself had often cause bitterly to complain.

The reason why the Church cannot punish heathen unbelief and heathen practices in men who never were Christians is a pretty reason, and a simple one. To punish is an act of authority, and the Church has no

authority over outsiders. "What have I to do with judging them who are outside? Them who are outside God will judge," says St. Paul (1 Cor. v. 12, 13). To interfere with another's liberty where you have no authority over him is to *persecute*, which the Church does not do.

Now comes a greater difficulty. As there is only "one baptism," so there is only one Church, "one body," of which baptism makes us members (Eph. iv. 4, 5). Whoever is validly baptized, thereby becomes a member of the "One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church." In his baptism the Church gains authority over him. So it may be argued, and is argued with some truth. The argumentation holds good in the abstract, and in an ideal world. But in the actual world it breaks down for this reason, that there are numerous perfect and self-contained communities of baptized men who in point of fact do not make one society, but have different governments and different beliefs, and live independent of one another. In the order of fact and reality, a person on being baptized ranks himself, if he be of mature age, or is ranked by his parents, if he be an infant, with one or other of these separate communities, and with that only; and in particular he often assumes from the day of his baptism, or from the early dawn of reason, an attitude of standing aloof from the Church Catholic, the Church under the obedience of Rome. Thus a young man baptized at twenty will tell you, "I am baptized a Baptist, not a Roman Catholic." And a little boy going to school will say, "I am no Romanist; I belong to the Church of England, the religion of my parents."

The Church claims no coercive authority over these non-Catholic communities, be they Church of England, or Orthodox Greek Church, or any of the varieties of Protestant dissent. She denounces them as cut off from herself and her communion, with all its spiritual benefits and privileges, and there she stops. She never denounces them as rebels to her authority. She accepts the fact that they never have been under her authority in the

days of any man now living, or in any memory of modern times. The men who now compose them, they and their fathers before them, have ever been to her as strangers, and she knows them not. They are no sons of hers, nor subjects, in any external, visible order; and therefore they are not amenable to her visible, bodily chastisement. It is not hers to judge them, fine them, imprison them, put them to death, for any sin against religion. It is not hers to harass, inconvenience, or torment them in any way, in view of forcing them to become Catholics. In all these matters they are to her just as the Turk and the Jew, the Brahman and the Buddhist.

Does the Church, then, claim any authority to punish any one at all with corporal or temporal punishments for any open and public error in religion? or are all her punishments spiritual, such as privation of the sacraments? I observe that a person may claim and rightfully have an authority, which for many reasons he may not wish or even be able to exercise. I do not know a country in the world where the Church is able at this hour to punish any one with fine, or imprisonment, or any temporal penalty, for offences against religion. Still, the Church does claim to have this power over all Catholics, and all who have ever been in visible communion with the Catholic Church. In the Middle Ages she exercised this power, in conjunction with the Catholic State, sternly enough at times; those were ages of severity. The "heretics" whom she punished then were not Protestants such as we know; they were apostate Catholics. Many of them were equally traitors to Church and State, and their punishment was as much a piece of secular and political as of religious and ecclesiastical policy. The Albigenses are a case in point.

Whatever we may think of the wisdom of our ancestors in this matter, we may confidently pronounce that any great severity of temporal pains and penalties against apostates would be most unwise in our days, even had the Church the might as well as the right to inflict such punishments. Those severe penalties would do little or

no good; they would anger and irritate rather than deter; therefore they should not be inflicted. So far as we can see, they are for ever things of the past. Out of date and obsolete they will remain, even though all the kings of the earth come to adore Christ, all nations to serve Him in His one true Church.

To return to our original proposition, *the Church never persecutes*. To persecute, it will be said, is simply to annoy another for the expression of his religious opinions. Annoyance is a very mild word for imprisonment, walking the streets barefoot in a white sheet, being flogged at church doors, or even being burnt alive; and all this has been done, sometimes by the authority of the Church herself, sometimes by the State at her suggestion, to Catholics who have offended against the religion in which they were baptized. If the burning of Cranmer and Latimer was not persecution, what is persecution? I reply, as I have intimated before, that if we are to take the definition of persecution just given, which is the popular definition, the Church undoubtedly has persecuted. But I quarrel with that definition as unphilosophical and inaccurate. The exercise of lawful judicial authority over persons subject to the court can never rightly be called persecution. Her Majesty's Judges are not persecutors of the criminal classes. A particular sentence may be harsh, ill-considered, even unjust: still it is not persecution. The essence of persecution is that it be annoyance inflicted on religious grounds upon a person over whom you have no authority in that matter of religion. The addition is to be noticed, *a person over whom you have no authority in that matter of religion*. Decius and Diocletian were persecutors, because, though they were lawful Roman Emperors, still they were not supreme over the consciences of their subjects, who chose to profess Christianity, while observing in all things secular the laws of the Empire. "Good Queen Bess" was a persecutor, not when she put to death those Catholics who were conspiring against her throne, but when she racked and hung and quartered priests like Blessed Edmund Campion, whose only crime was the

exercise of the Catholic ministry in England. The Irish Catholics were persecuted, not by the suppression of any rebellion of theirs, but by the penal laws enacted against them as Catholics. The Scotch Kirk of three centuries ago was a persecutor, as cruel and oppressive and odious and inquisitorial as any in history. Of course the said Kirk had not one atom of authority in the things of religion, except as a voluntary association over those who chose to belong to it. St. Ignatius prayed that the Society of Jesus might ever be persecuted, and persecuted it has been. The Catholic Church would be a persecutor, if she employed violence to bring Turks and Jews and modern Protestants, people who have never owned her authority, into her fold, and make Catholics of them by force. That is exactly what she has not done.

But all this discussion of persecution is only surface work. We require to dig deep down to the bed-rock of the difficulty, and we find it in this: the Protestant denies that there is any authority in matters of religion, except the authority of a voluntary association, which a man may join or not join as he pleases, must obey indeed while he belongs to the association, but can escape at any time by simply quitting the association and ceasing to be a member. One such association is taken to be the Roman Catholic Church, another the Church of England, a third the Wesleyan Methodists, a fourth the Congregationalists, a fifth the Unitarians, and so on to the Salvation Army. It is no slur on a man if he quits the Salvation Army and becomes a Baptist, least of all if he pays up the arrears of his subscriptions before departing; he then leaves the Army in peace and honour. It would hardly do, perhaps, if he read the Church of England Communion Service at a Salvation gathering; but even then the Army would have no means of punishing him except by refusing to listen to his ministrations again. If an Anglican clergyman will set up a crucifix over his communion table and incense it, he may learn juridically that he must carry his crucifix and his incense elsewhere; they are not according to the canons of the ministry which he has covenanted to

observe. If he does take them elsewhere and himself likewise, say by becoming a Roman Catholic, the Church of England does not further trouble herself about him; he has been very foolish, she considers, but he is not disobedient; he has withdrawn from her jurisdiction, and she casts him off as he casts her off. She will hardly go the length of saying that he has stepped out of "the one ark of salvation," that he has "made shipwreck of the faith" (1 Tim. i. 19); that he has "trampled on the Son of God, and counted the blood of the testament unclean" (Heb. x. 29); or that he has incurred the threat as it stands in her Bible, "He that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16).

The reason for all this is plain and not far to seek. It is because, except the Church that is in communion with the See of Peter, no other religious body claims to have any certain hold of the revelation that was made in Christ (Heb. i. 1); no other claims to be the sole accredited guardian and teacher of that revelation; no other ventures to tell the world that, when she declares what Christ has taught, all men are bound to hear and obey; no other announces herself as a world-wide society, a perfect spiritual kingdom, transcending nationalities, and having a claim upon the allegiance of all for whom Christ died—that is, of every human creature. No Wesleyan expects that when the soul of an Anglican clergyman passes in to judgment, the question will be put, as of a matter needing excuse, "How comes it that you did not belong to the Methodist Connexion?" No man except the Roman Catholic, as his name of "Catholic" implies, considers that every man ought by rights to belong to the same communion as himself, and only by "invincible ignorance" can be excused before the Eternal Judge for not bowing to the authority which he acknowledges as paramount in religious matters.

There was a Greek saying, *Truth is down in the depths*; the saying echoed by Pilate's question, *What is truth?* as also in the name adopted by Huxley to describe his own attitude to religion, and from him taken

up by thousands, the name *Agnostic* (*i.e.*, not knowing). The voice of multitudes proclaims that they do not know who Christ is, nor who God is, nor how things existent came to have being at all, nor even what the meaning of *being* is, nor what, if any, is the future destiny of man. All this profession of ignorance they eke out by one considerable assertion of knowledge, that what they do not know on these prime points of interest, no man else knows either, nor ever can know. Very possibly, as this Agnosticism spreads and grows confirmed, it will end by persecuting the one dogmatic Church for teaching what Agnostics will regard as the mischievous delusion, that though "no one hath ever seen God," yet "the Only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath told us" (John i. 18), and through His Church still tells us, the truth about God.

Meanwhile Agnosticism is patient, and will not persecute for the present. But it cries down all exercise of religious authority, and would have no man ever punished for apostasy from religion, because it denies that any religion is certain, and that any religious authority exists other than what is human, and dependent for its continuance upon the goodwill of people who choose to submit to it. Certainly, if this bed-rock that we have dug down to be a bed-rock of truth, all punishment of religious apostasy is persecution, and the Catholic Church has been indeed in the past, and is in principle still, a persecutor.

Many, however, will not go so far down as Agnosticism. They stop at Private Judgment. There is some religious truth which commends itself to them as certain. They believe it because they think it reasonable, just as they believe certain things in politics or in domestic economy. They have reasoned it out of the Bible, or out of their own common sense, or out of the fact that Dr. X. is an upright and learned man, and he says it is so. They consider themselves, however, under no obligation to believe Dr. X., or to stick to that interpretation of the Bible which at present pleases them. Neither do they blame any man for believing otherwise than as they

believe, or for doubting or disbelieving to any extent. All these religious truths, they consider, are matters of opinion. The one thing odious to them in the religious world is authority—saving only the inanimate authority of the Bible, which can be turned, they think, lawfully in any direction by Private Judgment, or perhaps overturned by the Higher Criticism. They will have no priest or pontiff dictating to them what they must believe. They will believe what they like. What commends itself to their judgment is to them orthodoxy, but only so long as they are pleased not to change their minds. This is Protestantism. “The common Protestant notion is that religion is matter of private judgment, matter of human opinion; that a man is not morally obliged to believe any particular point in religion any more than in chemistry; that he is free to choose his religious beliefs, as he accepts conclusions in physical science, partly on his own observation and on his own reasoning, partly on the authority of men who seem to him trustworthy; but that whatever belief or opinion he holds, he is not morally accountable to God or to man for believing and thinking so. Of course this is not always asserted in its fulness, but often with hazy and ill-defined limitations. In this view any religious opinions may be disseminated with impunity, provided it be without brawling and breach of the peace. Opinion against opinion has no chartered rights. There is no protection of opinions, but free trade of open discussion—with the one limitation just specified, that the peace of the city be not broken.”¹

In this Protestant view, Christ has left no living authority to guard His revelation and to determine what is heresy, still less to punish heresy; and there can be no apostasy, because there is no fixed faith. In this view, too, the Catholic Church is a persecutor, for seeking to enforce her authority over the religious beliefs of her members. Also in this view, it is impossible to conceive how our Lord could have said (Mark xvi. 16, in the Protestant version), *He that believeth not shall*

¹ *Oxford Conferences*, pp. 7, 8.

be damned; and St. Paul (2 Thess. ii. 12, also in the Protestant version), *that they be damned all who believed not the truth*.

We have found, then, in Protestantism, or deeper down in Agnosticism, the bed-rock of the argument by which the Catholic Church is shown to be a persecutor. Elsewhere I have argued that this bed-rock is not *the rock* which *was Christ* (1 Cor. x. 4), as it appears in the New Testament.¹

APPENDIX

RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE AND RELIGIOUS TOLERATION

No denomination rests more upon religious toleration than we Catholics in England. In numbers we are few and feeble, and yet we are particular, minute, and exacting in what we require for our soul's health. A Catholic must not be educated in the happy-go-lucky morality that is thought enough for most children, nor be married except in a certain way, nor go out of this world unattended by his priest: he is particular even as to the rite and place of his burial. We have to ask our countrymen to tolerate and accede to what they must consider our peculiar whims on these and many other points. Yet this very toleration on which we live springs from a habit of mind, of all others the most adverse to our religion. We gather the fruit thankfully, while we cannot love the tree. It is as though a man gave me a sovereign from time to time, because he considered me a born idiot, unable to shift for myself in the world: as a poor person I might be glad to take the money, while I resented the motive of the donation.

The argument from Indifference to Toleration is very clear. It runs thus, *God does not care what men believe about Him, so long as they do believe it; therefore no man has authority from God to hold his fellow-man to*

¹ *Oxford Conferences*, Cont. xi. on *Private Judgment*.

one belief about God rather than another. The conclusion follows logically from the premise. The only question is whether the premise be true. To test its truth, we will expose its meaning to some length. There is mention in Acts xviii. 12-17, of a certain Roman magistrate, Gallio, who "cared for none of these things," *i.e.* for religious questions. Gallio is commonly taken as a type of religious indifference. By way of exposition, we will put this speech in Gallio's mouth:—

"The real truth that Jesus of Nazareth brought to the world is contained in such sayings as these: 'Love one another' (St. John xiii. 34); 'All things whatsoever that you would have men do to you, so do ye unto them' (St. Matt. vii. 12); 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself' (St. Matt. xxiii. 39). As to dogma, either He taught none, in which case the Gospels have grossly misrepresented Him; or, anything that He did teach in that way we may safely disregard. It appears from John xix. 7 (cf. Mark xiv. 61-63), that He was actually put to death for teaching dogma: 'He ought to die, because He hath made Himself the Son of God.' There must be some mistake there, either His, or the Evangelist's, or haply ours, for on all these points of dogma we live in a glorious uncertainty. We do not know whether He was the Son of God or not, and we do not care; nor whether He will come again to judge the world, as they say He said He would (Matt. xxiv. 30; Acts i. 11). A bone of the ichthyosaurus is more interesting to us than all the twelve articles of the Creed. The danger of eternal damnation is as nothing in our eyes compared with that of an untrapped drain. The Gospels we find quite unnecessarily long. In a whole page of Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John, there is scarcely a text to our mind. The miracles are to us incredible; the doctrine that tells of the kingdom of heaven (Matt. v. 3), of doing penance (Luke xiii. 3), of everlasting fire (Matt. xviii. 18), of laying up treasures for the next world (Matt. vi. 19, 20), of not belonging to this world (John xvii. 14), of faith in God and in Christ (Mark xi. 22; John xiv. 1), of the Spirit of truth, who is to convict this

world of sin (John xiv. 17 ; xvi. 8), and of many other things not at all to our taste. We find what we want in Seneca and Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius—morality without dogma.”

Here endeth the speech of Gallio, with which I beg the reader not to suppose me to agree. I will just observe that the Gospel converted the world, not Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius.

This Gallio, as my readers see from his speech, is somewhat of a queer fellow. No wonder that he is an advocate of toleration. Had he been a Catholic priest under Innocent III., he might have had a bad time of it. But he is safe now ; no Catholic should lay a finger on him, to constrain him to belong where he never has belonged, to the Catholic Church. Gallio is amenable only to argument, and to prayer to God to bring him to a better mind. One fact that might be brought before his consideration is, that he is dogmatising in the very act of denouncing dogma. A negative proposition, as that there are no rooks in the wood, is quite as much of an assertion as an affirmative proposition that there *are* rooks in the wood ; and requires as much proof ; and is not easy to prove : indeed it is proverbially difficult to prove a negative. How does Gallio know that *God does not care what men believe about Him, so long as they do believe it ?* God, at that rate, must be strangely unlike any other rational person. We expect our friends to weigh with some care the beliefs that they choose to entertain about us.

Gallio has a proof, to be sure. It is this. *In these days, since the Catholic Church has lost the control of the world, civilized man does not care what he believes about God ; therefore God does not care what civilized man believes about Him.* Of such logic I can only say, adapting an old Latin quotation, *Audisne hæc, Aristoteles, sub terra condite ?* “Hearest thou that, Aristotle, in thy tomb underground ?”

BESSIE'S BLACK PUDDINGS

OR,

THE BIBLE ONLY

BY THE REV. F. M. DE ZULUETA, S.J.

It was a fine, cool Sunday evening in the month of June, and the congregation of St. Mark's Church, Pipchester, in the county of X, were strolling home after the evening service in little groups of threes and fours. The Rev. Jacob Fillinger, M.A., Vicar of Pipchester, had been delivering to his flock an earnest discourse upon the "Value of the Bible," laying special stress upon its all-sufficiency as a guide to the individual Christian. "The Bible and the Bible only" had been the key-note of his sermon. This worthy vicar belonged to the Low Church school. He scorned all "flirting with Rome." He occasionally had a good word for "Romanists" pure and simple, but for his Ritualist fellow-churchmen he had scant patience. He was wont to describe them as "neither flesh, fowl, nor good salt-herring." To him the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England were sacred in all their anti-Catholic crudity. He interpreted them in the obvious sense—the sense in which, as history taught him, they had been intended by those who framed them—and the attempts made by High Churchmen to explain them away until made to mean the very opposite to what they seemed to

say was, in Mr. Fillinger's opinion, rank disloyalty to the Established Church. Thus, on this Sunday evening, he had laid much stress on Article VI., in which it is declared that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation : so that whatsoever is not contained therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man to be believed as an article of faith, nor be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." But to return to the quickly-dispersing congregation.

Amongst the little knots of homeward-bound worshippers you might notice one consisting of an intelligent-looking, strongly-made artizan, accompanied by his wholesome-faced, buxom country wife, and a sturdy lad of some ten or eleven summers, who skipped along gaily by the side of his parents.

"Well, Bess," said Tom Claughton—for such was the artizan's name—"what are you going to give us to sup this evening? I'm downright peckish, I can tell you?"

"Can't you guess, Tom, you goose?" replied Mrs. Claughton. "Why, didn't we kill another pig last Friday?"

"Oh!" cried Tom, brightening up with joyful expectation, "it's black puddings, is it! Eh! wife, but you're a rare one at that dish. I'd back you against any in the county. I'm glad, too, they're coming on to-night, for I expect Jack Spindle to turn in as usual, and I'll bet his Aunt Jane can't furnish him with anything half so toothsome."

The family party had now entered their prim little garden and were crossing the threshold of Blossom Cottage. Not many minutes later we find them seated at supper in their small, but clean and cosy kitchen. Hardly had they started their meal when the door opened and in bounced Mr. Jack Spindle, an intimate friend of the family, who had just returned from Benediction at Fr. Doherty's Chapel of St. Joseph's.

"Sharp's the word, Jack, my boy," called out Claughton with a smile of hearty welcome to his

favourite guest, "or you'll not have a chance of a bite. We've got the start of you already."

"Oh! never you fear, Tom," rejoined Jack, with a cheery laugh. "I'll make up for lost time fast enough."

Jack was as good as his word, and better. The black puddings rapidly disappeared, though not without sundry praises bestowed by the guest upon Mrs. Claughton's cooking, which brought smiles and blushes to the housewife's cheeks and heightened not a little the good-humour of her lord and master.

Supper being ended, Bessie retired to the sitting-room upstairs with her boy Jimmy, eventually to superintend his evening devotions and to tuck him up for the night. The two men adjourned to the garden and established themselves comfortably at a rustic table to smoke a pipe over a temperate glass of whiskey and water.

For some minutes the friends sat in silence enjoying the balmy air of evening. Tom was the first to speak.

"My word, Jack, I wish you could have heard Mr. Fillinger's sermon to-night."

"Oh, indeed?" queried Jack. "And what may it have been about?"

"It was just a grand discourse, I can tell you—all about the Bible and how the Scriptures sufficed us for everything. So say I, too. The Bible and nothing *but* the Bible, though you won't agree to that, old man, *I* know."

Jack Spindle, dear reader, was what the Pipchester folk called a "powerful scholar." He owed this reputation to the fact that he had been sent as a boy to college by his Aunt Jane, in the hopes that he might go on for the Catholic priesthood. Owing, however, to bad health, he was obliged, after some years' training, to abandon the idea and return to his aunt's, whose house had stood to him in place of home ever since the death of both father and mother in the early part of his college life. Naturally, in the course of his studies at St. George's Seminary, he had received careful and special instruction in Catholic

doctrines ; and he loved nothing better than to have an argument with his Protestant friend Tom about religion. Thus, when on this Sunday night Claughton started the topic of the vicar's address on the Bible Only, Jack Spindle felt himself at once in his right element.

"The vicar spoke about the Bible Only, did he, and that it sufficed for every Christian need ! Why, Tom, how can a sensible chap like you swallow down such rubbish !"

"Rubbish, indeed !" exclaimed Claughton, with some heat. "Do you dare to say that the Bible is not God's truth—is not the inspired Word of God ? *Rubbish*, indeed ! Why, Jack, I'm fairly ashamed of you !"

"Fair and softly, old man ; fair and softly. I never said anything of the kind. God forbid ! What I do say is that for a clergyman to teach you that the Bible—Word of God though it is—suffices *by itself*, is to teach rubbish. That's rather different, isn't it ?"

"I can't follow you there at all," replied Tom, cooling down somewhat and perceiving he had misunderstood his friend's remark. "What I say is this. If the Bible contains what the Almighty has seen fit to tell us, it *must* be sufficient for everything."

"Quite true—that is, *if* the Bible does really contain *all* God means us to know, and *if* we are all of us able by ourselves to make out the full and certain meaning of what He there tells us. Both conditions are necessary. Yet, Tom, the Bible does *not* contain all God wishes us to know, and most of us are *not* equal to making out God's meaning by ourselves."

"Fiddlesticks, Jack ! If we can't find all we need in the Sacred Book, where on earth are we to find it ?"

Jack did not reply at once. He felt there were two answers he might make. First, there was the clear fact of all the different and conflicting Protestant sects, each of which appealed to one and the same Bible and yet did not arrive at one and the same meaning ; and therefore could not have found out the one meaning intended by God. Then, again, he

might point out that Christ had appointed an Infallible Church to interpret the true revelation of God to man, and to explain with authority which of the various interpretations put upon the Bible were the true ones. But he saw that such replies would widen too much the field of discussion. Accordingly he sought for some shorter and more practical means of bringing home to his companion the falseness of his theory that the Bible by itself was a sufficient guide. A few pulls at his pipe, and then an audible chuckle, which made Tom look up.

"Tom," said Spindle presently, "I'm glad we had those black puddings to-night. They're just the thing; they seem to settle the whole matter."

"The—black—puddings!" exclaimed Claughton, in blank amazement. "Why, what in the name of common sense have they to do with it? You're off your chump, my man, or else you're joking."

"Not a bit, Tom; I mean exactly what I say. The black puddings settle the question."

"That's a good 'un," laughed Claughton.

"My dear fellow, I'm perfectly serious, I assure you. Just you answer me this. Do you think it right to eat black puddings?"

"Why, of course it's right. Where's the harm, I should like to know, and what has all this to do with the 'Bible only'? Upon my word, Jack, you must have 'a bee in your bonnet,' as Donald the blacksmith expresses it."

"Believe me, Tom, those puddings have a deal more to say to it than you fancy. Please answer me this. Suppose the Word of God forbade your eating them, would you think it sinful to do so?"

"There's no use in supposing any such twaddle. The Bible doesn't, and that's all about it."

"But *if* the Bible did——?"

"Oh! *if—if*. Yes, *if* it did I should agree that kind of food was sinful."

"All right, Tom, that'll do for me. Now, then, please to fetch me down your Family Bible, and prepare to bid a last and fond adieu to your favourite dish."

Claughton rose hesitatingly from his seat, with incredulity stamped upon his face, still doubting whether Jack was in his sound senses or not. When he had returned with the Sacred Volume and had placed it in his companion's hands, the latter opened it and turned to the Acts of the Apostles, chap. xv., verse 20.

"Just listen to this, Tom," he said, on finding the right verse, "Mind you, this is out of your own Protestant Bible."

"Fire away, my boy," replied Claughton with a defiant laugh. "I never yet found ought about black puddings there, though I'm proud to say I read my Bible as much as most folk." Jack read out the following :

"But that we write unto them, that they abstain from pollutions of idols, and from fornication, and from things strangled, and from blood."

"Now you see from this," pursued Jack, "that the Apostle St. James, when presiding over the Council of Jerusalem, released the convert Christians from most of the old Jewish restrictions as regards food, but not from all of them. He decided that they must still abstain from 'strangled meats and blood.'"

"Yes, I suppose that's right enough," cautiously admitted Tom, yet with an uncomfortable feeling that somehow he was getting his neck into the noose. "But what's that to do with black puddings?"

"What has that to do with it! Why, my dear man——" then rising quickly and placing himself in the cottage doorway, "Mrs. Claughton! Mrs. Claughton! just one moment, if you please!"

Bessie came briskly downstairs.

"Why what's to do with you now, Mr. Jack?" she asked. "Is the house on fire?"

"Look here, Mrs. Claughton, Tom says he can't see what blood has to do with black puddings!"

"Well, Tom, I *never*! But I'm sure it's just like you men not to know no more than an unborn infant what your victuals is made of. My puddings is made

mostly of pig's blood, *I* should say. You *must* be a silly, Tom, I'm sure, not to know that, and me making them for you twice or thrice every year since we was wed, and you enjoying of them as you do!" She finished.

An awful silence reigned. Jack scrutinized his friend to see what effect had been produced by Mrs. Claughton's eloquence, and waited quietly for Tom's reply. None came. It was clear from the clouded brow that Claughton found himself in a fix. He went on pulling furiously at his meerschaum.

"Come, Tom," said Mr. Spindle, "pull yourself together old man, and tell us what about the Bible and the lawfulness of black puddings."

"You be hanged," was the surly answer. "St. James or not, don't tell *me* them puddings is not allowed, because everybody knows they are. These regulations don't hold for us Christians. We enjoy the freedom of the Gospel, as the vicar often informs us. Besides," added Tom, after a slight pause, "if I'm wrong for eating them, what are you, I should like to know? I'm sure you went for them much more than I did."

"I didn't say they were sinful for *me*," insinuated Jack with a quiet smile. "The Catholic Church explains to *me* that the rule laid down for a time by St. James no longer binds Christians—that the prohibition against blood is withdrawn. But you who profess to go by the Bible only, must *stick* to the Bible only, and knock off your favourite dish. The last word in the Bible on the subject is that you must abstain from blood. Cheer up, old boy. The next time I shall have the puddings all to myself, and you and Mrs. Claughton can look on at the slaughter, twiddling your thumbs."

Tom's face presented a perfect picture of misery and despair. To think of it! No more black puddings!—Bessie's chief culinary talent buried for ever! Yet he tried to believe that the case was not as hopeless as Jack made it out, and that he was only outwitted by his friend's superior powers of argument. "You may say what you like," he growled out at

length. "You're a lot too clever for me with your college learning."

"Clever! Not a bit. I've only shown you out of your own Bible that black puddings are forbidden, that is, if you guide yourself *solely* by the *Bible*."

"But," said Claughton sharply, as if struck with a bright idea, "the Scripture also teaches in the Romans that we are justified 'by faith, *without the works of the law*,' so that does away with the old Jewish regulation against blood. Now that's one for you, old chap," and he settled himself down again to his pipe with an air of triumph.

"If you stick to that, Tom, you only prove that the Holy Spirit in Acts xx. contradicts His own utterance in the Romans. Does the Spirit of God say one thing in one place and the opposite elsewhere? You're not out of the wood yet by a long way."

"No, to be sure. But perhaps these two passages do really agree, though I may not be sharp enough to see how."

"Ah, that's just it, Tom. In other words, you need guidance as to how these seemingly conflicting statements can be made to square."

"I suppose that's it."

"Well, but," remorselessly pursued Jack, "does the *Bible* give you any guidance as to how this is to be done? The Book can't speak and explain itself. So after all we come back to this, that the Bible *by itself* is not sufficient for your guidance; and that's what I said in the beginning. It's no use, Tom. Confess honestly that your theory doesn't work. Now does it?"

Poor Claughton! He had looked upon his text from the Romans as a trump-card, and now, lo! and behold! it had been over-trumped! He was, however, spared the unpleasant duty of acknowledging his defeat by an unexpected interruption. As he sat meditating how to retire in good order, some one passed down the lane beyond the garden hedge, and the fading light of day revealed to the two men the spare and sombre figure of Mr. Nathaniel Williams—local Bible reader and preacher, who,

looking towards the cottage, saw with pious horror two men openly drinking whiskey and water, and that too on the Sabbath Day. He suddenly stopped short and turning his scandalized countenance full towards the unholy revellers, felt moved to uplift his voice in witness to the truth.

"My friends," he cried, across the hawthorn hedge, "who hath beguiled your hearts to desecrate the Lord's Day with debauch and sinful pandering to your carnal appetites?"

"Is that you, Mr. Williams?" called out Tom, a trifle startled by this sudden apparition. Tom Claughton, like most churchmen, "reckoned nought of Dissenters." Nevertheless, he liked to keep on good terms with all his neighbours, no matter what their religious colour. Then, too, he regarded Nathaniel Williams—upholsterer during the week, and preacher on the Sunday—as an earnest, if an over-zealous and misguided man. "Is that you, Mr. Williams?" and then, with a gleam of mischief in his eye, and a knowing glance towards Jack: "Won't you come and join us in a glass? I'm sure you must be dry after your Sunday efforts."

"Get behind me, Satan," exclaimed Williams. "Come in, I will, but only to show you the error of your ways, and, if may be, convert your souls unto righteousness." Then, on approaching the table and recognizing Tom's companion, whom he regarded as a "Romish idolater," he paused in front of him: "Ah! Mr. Spindle, you here too. No wonder Sabbath-breaking is the order of the day. We know that your blind priests teach you to disregard the Lord's day."

"Now then, Mr. Williams," replied Jack, at the same time placing a chair for the new arrival, "no hard words, please, and no sweeping charges such as you cannot make good. If you happen to wish for an argument, you know I am always ready to 'give an account of the faith that is in me,' to the best of my power."

Tom Claughton had, in the meantime, fallen into a pensive mood; in fact he sat seemingly abashed.

Truth to say, in spite of his bantering invitation to the preacher "to join in a glass," he did not feel at all at ease about that Sunday "toddy." Indeed, his wife, Bessie, had more than once expressed her conscientious doubts concerning the same, though perhaps more upon principles of domestic thrift, and for fear of drinking habits in a husband, than upon scriptural grounds. When, therefore, the master of Blossom Cottage found himself openly rebuked for his conduct, a sense of guilt began to oppress him, and he knew not how to meet the charge. Conscience made him a coward.

"Well, Tom," said Spindle, in his chaffing way, "what have you to say to Mr. Williams' accusation? You know *I'm* only a poor benighted 'papist.' You are an enlightened Protestant, guided solely by the Scriptures. What account have you to give of yourself and of your Sunday grog? What guidance does the Bible afford you on the point?"

"Ahem! Pardon me, my young friend, but I think the Bible is *my* province," interrupted Mr. Williams, with some dignity, and diving into the recesses of his great-coat, he produced a well-thumbed copy of the Scriptures. With much unction and solemnity he read out the words: "*Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath Day.*" "That is God's command, my poor friends, and according to it you stand convicted of Sabbath-breaking."

Poor Tom! The words sounded like the mournful funeral knell of his Sunday glass. It was bad enough that the black puddings should have been placed in jeopardy; but now his "toddy" seemed also trembling in the balance.

"Well, Mr. Williams," he said, with rueful reluctance in his tone, "no doubt the Word of God is the Word of God, no matter who speaks it. I suppose Bessie is right after all, and I shall have to give up my glass. But upon my word, it's desperate hard on me. It don't seem to prevent my going to worship twice each Sunday, along with my wife and lad. Still, as you say, Mr. Williams——"

"Stop! stop! Tom," broke in Jack, in mock alarm,

"not so fast, as you love me. As your constant guest, I claim a voice in the matter. You may like to sacrifice your temperate tumbler on Sundays, but I'm blessed if I will without a better reason. Our Sunday evenings are like to be precious tame when the social bowl is abolished. So now, Mr. Williams," said he, turning to the preacher, "please to show me from the Bible why I am desecrating the Sunday by a modest glass of toddy."

"My poor young friend, have you no ears to hear, nor mind to understand! Once more I give you my warrant: '*Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath Day.*' Do you despise the Word of God?"

"But, sir, those words don't prove what you want them to. They don't show that *after* paying our debt of public worship to God, and providing for the soul's nourishment, we are forbidden to consult the needs of the body in food and innocent recreation. Are we bound to pray all day—do you yourself? (Williams winced a bit)—do your flock? Surely if a man does his duty to God, and abstains from unnecessary work, there is nothing to prevent his taking a little extra recreation, or enjoying somewhat better fare. Christ said: '*The Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath.*' Now, what do you answer to this?"

"Ah! my young friend," returned Williams, with a deep-drawn sigh (not quite seeing how to tackle Jack's common-sense reasoning), "I fear you are too carnal-minded to see the light."

"Very well, sir, we'll leave that part alone for the moment, and come to the root of the whole matter. You hold, I take it, that the Scriptures, by themselves, are a sufficient guide for the Christian."

"I thankfully accept that blessed truth. The Bible, the blessed Bible, and the Bible only, is my watchword."

"All right, sir; that being so, will you show me where the Bible commands the Christian to observe the Sunday,—the *Sunday*, Mr. Williams."

"Truly might Paul bid us to preach in season and

out of season, to argue, beseech, upbraid in all patience and learning. Must I repeat it a third time? 'Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath——'"

"The Sabbath Day—the *Sabbath* Day," cried Jack, warming to the theme, but the Sabbath there mentioned is Saturday, the Seventh day, not Sunday. We have it still in the Latin *Sabbatum*, which stands for Saturday, as any boy in the Grammar School round the corner can tell you. The Sabbath is the Jewish, not the Christian day of observance. That's why old Solomon Levi down the road shuts up early on Friday evening. I hope," added Jack, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, "I did not see you working at Aunt Jane's new store-cupboard yesterday. *That* was not observing the Sabbath or Saturday."

"The Sunday, not Saturday," declaimed Mr. Williams excitedly, "is the *Christian's* Lord's Day."

"Of course it is," chimed in Jack. "But my point is that the *Bible by itself* doesn't tell you that. All religious people calling themselves Christians know they are commanded to keep the Sunday, but the Bible gives no command concerning *that* day. If you or they observe the Sunday, this is owing to the traditional teaching of the Christian Church. She, and not the Bible, explains to us that since our Lord's resurrection on Sunday, the duties of the Sabbath were transferred from the Saturday to the Sunday."

Mr. Williams wriggled impatiently in his chair, and seemed not very far off losing his temper. His text had failed, and so, like many of his class, he pursued the plan laid down by the Bible-reader in the story: "When I am persecuted in one text, I flee unto another." Mr. Williams imitated this example.

"Ahem!—ahem!—But, obstinate young man, you overlook some other weighty testimonies of Holy Writ."

"Let's have them by all means, sir. I'm quite open to reason, but will accept nothing less."

"Here, for instance, in Acts xx. 7, we learn that

during Paul's stay in Troas, the Christians assembled on the *first day of the week*, which, as you must admit, means our Sunday."

"Quite so," readily admitted Jack; "but——"

"And then again, Mr. Spindle, we read——"

"Excuse me, sir. One text at a time, please. Your new text merely shows that on a certain occasion Christians met together to break bread on a Sunday. That is simply a statement of fact referring to one occasion. But there is no command given for all Christians in all times."

"But there is yet another testimony, Mr. Spindle," nervously pursued the preacher, dropping the previous text as if it had been a red-hot coal. "Here, in 1 Cor. xvi. 1, Paul's Christian converts are commanded—*commanded*, Mr. Spindle, to put by money for charitable purposes on the *first day of the week*—Sunday, in fact—a distinct allusion to the observance of the Sunday. You see, unhappy man, you have even fallen into the pit which you have yourself dug." And Williams closed the book with a bang of conscious triumph.

Jack—I am obliged to say it, reader—laughed uproariously. "Why, Mr. Williams, one would think that you had quite settled the point by your latest quotation. As a matter of fact it proves just nothing at all, except that these particular Christians were ordered to lay by alms *at home* for the relief of the needy. What has that to do with resting from work, attending public worship, or not drinking whiskey and water? It won't do, sir. The Bible is not, and, from its nature, was clearly never meant to be a complete manual of religion, or an 'Every Man his own Theologian.'"

"Beware, godless young man," cried the preacher, rising and gesticulating wildly. "Beware of hard-heartedness and wilful blindness! Turn from your evil, stiff-necked ways while yet you have time. I have sought to reclaim a wandering sheep; but as you will not hearken to the shepherd's voice, I shake the dust from off my feet and leave you to be dragged down, together with the companion of your sin, into

the bottomless pit." He turned on his heel and vanished.

"Well, Jack," said Claughton, when the two friends had partially recovered from Williams' onslaught, "I must say you were one too many for him. I always said you were too clever for most of us."

"Now, my *dear* Tom," replied Jack, "that's all nonsense. Don't go on throwing dust in your own eyes. It is not my cleverness, as you call it. It's my Catholic religion that's clever, because it is true, and the one ordained by Infinite Cleverness itself. It holds together, is perfectly consistent; whereas yours—excuse my plainness—hasn't a grain of consistency in its composition. Can't you see, old man, that this Sabbath dispute with Williams is only the case of the black puddings all over again?"

Tom looked puzzled, reflected awhile, and then brightened up with sudden intelligence. "Why, so it is, Jack! I see now what you're driving at. You mean that he couldn't prove his Sunday from the Bible by itself, any more than I could prove my right to eat those puddings. Is that what you mean?"

"That's just it, Tom; you've hit it this time."

Claughton relapsed into silence. His pipe had gone out, and he was re-filling it. Somehow or other he still showed signs of being perplexed and ill at ease.

"But look here, Jack," he said at length, as though a fresh thought had forcibly impressed him, "if your argument holds good, it as much as makes the Bible a useless book. Now, no Christian can put up with that."

"That doesn't follow, old man. I have only tried to show that the Bible is useless *for the purpose for which you Protestants use it*. In fact, it is *practically* useless, in great measure, for deciding doctrines, *i.e.*, without an interpreter, just as a book on astronomy would be useless to you and me without an astronomer to explain away difficulties. Let me put it this way. If our Lord intended the Bible for a sufficient guide, then surely the Bible ought to tell us this somewhere. Otherwise it omits your one great doctrine

--an omission which ought to prove to you its inefficiency at once. But *where* does it teach your theory of the Bible only?"

Tom Claughton rummaged his brain for a suitable text. "I think," he said, "the Scripture says somewhere, 'Whatsoever is written, is written for our instruction,' doesn't it?"

"True, it does say that; but it does *not* say that the instruction is to be got without the help of a guiding teacher, nor that the instruction set down is complete. School books are written for the instruction of students, but that does not dispense with the teacher, nor does every book give instruction on every point. Now let *me* give you a text on my side. When Philip the deacon came up with the eunuch of Queen Candace, riding in his chariot and reading the prophet Isaias, didn't he say to the reader, 'Understandest thou what thou readest?' and didn't the eunuch reply, '*How can I, except some one show me?*'"

Tom diligently referred to his Family Bible, and found the place in Acts viii. 30, 31. "Yes, that's right enough, Jack. But, you see, we too have our clergymen to 'show unto us' the meaning of Scripture."

"Oh! come, Tom," retorted Spindle, laughing gaily, "that's too good a joke! Do you look me in the face and tell me that you Protestants acknowledge the authority of clergymen to settle for you the meaning of the Bible? Why, you told me only the other day that you didn't go to St. Aidan's Church hard by because it was 'too high,' and *you didn't agree* with the Rev. Mr. Speakman's views of doctrine. It is a way you Protestants have. You go about picking and choosing your place of worship, not with any intention of being *taught*, but to find a clergyman who will tell you what you want to hear, one that agrees with your own views. If he gives you anything else, you quietly say, 'I don't hold with Mr. So-and-So.'"

Tom was obliged to admit this was so.

"No, Tom, 'it won't do, no 'ow,' as Guzzling Jim remarks to Gorgeing Jack in the nautical ditty. Your

principle of going by the Bible only claims for you an individual right of interpreting the Bible *for yourself*. Once you bring in a teaching clergyman, you depart from your principle. It is no longer the Bible *Only*."

Tom began turning over the leaves of the New Testament in quest of a fresh weapon of defence. He lighted upon John v. 39.

"I've got it now!" he exclaimed in triumph. "Prepare to take a back seat for once, Jack. Just listen to this word of Truth itself, 'Search the Scriptures in which ye think ye have eternal life.' Now, my friend, get out of that if you can. Christ Himself commands us to 'Search the Scriptures' for eternal life, and that's all any one can wish for. There's a poser for you Romanists, I think."

Jack made no reply, and Claughton sat back in his chair, smiling contentedly at what he deemed to be his companion's discomfiture.

"Out with it, Jack, my boy. A penny for your thoughts."

"I was thinking," replied Spindle very deliberately, "what had become of your common sense, to quote *that* text in your favour."

"In my favour!" cried Tom, with some irritation at his friend's obstinacy. I should just think it *was* in my favour! It just proves my case, as you can see well enough."

"I'm afraid, then, I'm blind. But what *is* your case, exactly?"

"Good heavens, isn't it clear enough? Christ commands the Christian to 'Search the Scriptures' to find the truths of eternal life."

"Oh, that's your case, is it?" rejoined Jack imperturbably. "Then, my friend, I'm sorry to say it's a bad one. It's just like a water-butt with three big holes in it. It won't hold water."

"It's easy to say that."

"I'll show it you. Your case supposes three things: 1. That Christ, in the text quoted, gives a *command*. 2. That the command is addressed to *Christians*. 3. That it is a command to Christians to *make out their religion from the Scriptures only*."

"Spoken like a lawyer, old man! You've put my case clearer than I did. But where are these three precious holes you talk of? Let's see you squeeze through them, if you can."

"Anything to please you, Tom, so here goes.

"*Hole No. 1.*—Christ gives a *command*. Are you quite sure of that?"

"Can't you understand plain English? The word is 'Search,' which *used* to be called in *my* schooldays the imperative mood, or form of command."

"Oh, I understand English well enough, Tom; but do *you* understand Greek? You know the Bible wasn't written in English."

"No, I suppose not," admitted Claughton.

"What I mean is," continued Spindle, "that the Bible you are reading is a translation. The original Greek word for 'search' does not necessarily express a command at all, although it *may* do so. The expression 'ye search' is just as likely to be the correct rendering of the Greek as 'search,' and 'ye search' does not convey a command. It is merely a statement of fact, as if Christ had said, 'Ye Pharisees are accustomed to search the Scriptures,' without thereby expressing either approval or disapproval of their practice. We can't tell for certain which form of expression our Lord intended. Certainly the Bible doesn't clear up the doubt—it is, once more, insufficient by itself."

"That's not fair, Jack. You know Greek; I don't, and so can't judge whether you are correct or no."

"My fatal cleverness again, eh? Well, if you doubt me, ask your vicar, Rev. Mr. Fillinger, M.A.—he's a scholar, and a straightforward man also—he will tell you just the same."

"My dear Jack, how *can* you be right, when Christ tells you that the Scriptures *have eternal life*! That being so, He *must* have wished us to find it there."

"There you are again, Claughton. Like so many other Protestants you snatch at the first sound of a text, and don't seriously study its meaning as a whole. Look again. Does Christ say the Scriptures *have*

eternal life? or are not His exact words these, 'in which ye *think* ye have eternal life?'

Tom re-read the passage.

"So they are, Jack. I never noticed that before."

"The verb *to think*," further explained Jack, "is often used in Scripture for 'to think *wrongly*.' For instance, our Lord said of the heathen, 'they think they shall be heard for their much speaking.' So, when He said to the Pharisees, 'ye *think* ye have eternal life,' He clearly meant they *vainly* thought."

"Well, it certainly looks like it. But what about the other two holes, as you call them? I fancy you'll find them a tighter fit."

"Here is *Hole No. 2*.—You say Christ directed the command to us Christians. Well, we've already seen that there may have been no command at all. However, I'll overlook that little trifle. Suppose there *was* a command—was it meant for Christians?"

"Of course," put in Tom, positively.

"Then please tell me, who was our Lord speaking to on the occasion in question?"

"The Pharisees—oh!"

"Yes, Tom, you may well say 'Oh!' because you see that the Pharisees were not Christians. Quite the reverse. They would have nothing to do with Christ."

"But our Saviour meant His words for everybody, surely?"

"Does the *Bible* say so? Remember, you are pledged to the Bible only. Don't forget that, my friend. Besides, if you take everything our Lord said to particular classes of men as being meant for all Christians in all time, you will find yourself in a sad fix. Our Lord bade the Apostles abandon their worldly pursuits—leave all and follow Him. So, according to you, you must give notice to your employer at once, abandon your trade, and leave your wife and lad to shift for themselves."

Jack Spindle perceived that the argument had struck home.

"Look here, Claughton, it's like this. Imagine that in the battlefield a commanding officer has before him a troop of cavalry and a regiment of infantry.

Turning towards the cavalry, he shouts out the order, 'Mount, and charge the enemy!' Are the infantry—another class of troops—to take the command as being addressed to them too? Perhaps their turn will come later; still, they have no right on their own authority to extend to themselves an order given to the cavalry. So, too, you have no right to apply the supposed command to 'search the Scriptures' to believing Christians, when it was addressed to unbelieving Pharisees."

"Well, at all events, Jack, you haven't shown Hole No. 3. You can't deny that our Saviour appealed to the Scriptures to establish a religious truth."

"Excuse me, old man. What you have to prove is not merely that Christ on this occasion referred to the Scriptures to establish some religious truth, but that He referred *Christians* to them for proof of *Christian* truths."

"Isn't that a difference between tweedledum and tweedledee?"

"By no means. Our Lord did indeed refer the Pharisees to the Old Testament, because they thought everything was to be found there, and because they boasted of their deep Biblical knowledge. But He did so *not* to prove the truth of His doctrines, but merely to *prove His identity with the promised Messiah*, to establish His Divine *Mission*, His right to teach and their corresponding duty to accept His Word. It is thus, too, that the Catholic Church to-day deals with would-be converts. She appeals to the Scriptures to prove her claim as the Divinely-appointed and unerring teacher, and once the catechumen is convinced of it, she most logically claims submission to her doctrines, whether the catechumen can find full Scripture proof for them or not. Nevertheless, of course she is quite ready to answer difficulties from Scripture and to show that her dogmas are not *against* the Bible."

Evidently Tom remained still unsatisfied.

"I've always been told," he doggedly urged, "that Christ here meant that His followers should test Christian doctrines by the Scripture."

"Then you've always been told wrong. My goodness, Tom! how can you be so dull? *What* Scriptures contain distinctive Christian teaching—is it the Old Testament or the New?"

"The New, I should fancy; that's where we get the Gospel of Christ."

"And what Scriptures, pray, was our Lord speaking of to the Pharisees?"

"The New——"

But the words were hardly out of his mouth when Tom saw the blunder.

Jack pounced down upon it at once.

"Why, Tom, you goose, the New Testament *didn't* exist!"

Cloughton fairly collapsed.

"*Very* likely—*exceedingly* likely," pursued Jack, "isn't it, that our Lord referred the Pharisees to a book that hadn't yet been written!"

There was no way out of it. Poor Tom had to own himself beaten all down the line. And yet how many times had he not heard Protestants quote that text as a crushing argument against the Catholic. And then, if *this* Protestant weapon had bent in his hand, might not *other* equally popular ones prove equally useless?

Jack Spindle proceeded to drive the matter home.

"You see, Tom," he added kindly, and dropping his ironical tone, "your text, John v. 39, doesn't help your theory at all. Indeed, it points the Catholic way. For our Lord appears to be *finding* fault with the Pharisees for their unprofitable *use* of the Scriptures. In these words of Christ, as one of your own learned writers puts it, 'the *intense, misplaced* diligence of research is contrasted with the *fruitless* result.'"¹

"I think I understand what you mean, Jack. But although I can't prove my idea from *that particular text*, perhaps Christ did mean Christians in after ages to learn their religion from the New Testament."

"My goodness, Tom! Just think what you're saying. Without meaning it, you are really imputing *absolute folly* to Eternal Wisdom."

¹ *Speaker's Commentary* on John v. 39.

"How on earth do you make out that, I should like to know?"

"Why look, Tom. The Bible, as we have it, is not one book, but a collection of different books—a Sacred Library, in fact. Now these books were scattered about in different places and were not gathered together as the Inspired Bible till *one or two hundreds of years* after our Lord's time. Further, until the establishment of the printing press, which was some nine hundred or a thousand years *later still*, it was a rare privilege for any one to possess a whole Bible at all—a privilege chiefly confined to the rich and learned. Thus, for some *thirteen hundred years* after our Lord, the Bible—the Protestant's one Rule of Faith—was inaccessible to the vast majority of Christians. I know what you are going to say, old man," continued Jack, seeing signs of an interruption from his friend. "You want to say that the Catholic Church suppressed the Bible, kept it away from people."

Claughton nodded.

"Well, now, except for the industry of *Catholic monks and nuns*, who laboriously wrote out copies of the Scriptures, there would have been no Bibles at all."

"Well, that's a fair answer, Jack. But where does your imputation of 'absolute folly' come in?"

"This way. Such being the difficulty of getting hold of a Bible, you Protestants want us to believe that Christ made the Bible the one sufficient and necessary guide, *although He must have known all the while that very few Christians could have a Bible to consult for some thirteen centuries!* If this is not imputing absolute folly to the Wisdom of the Father, I don't know what is!"

Tom looked horrified at his own unintentional irreverence.

Jack went on—

"The fact is, the Protestant theory of the Bible Only is absolutely insulting to Christ. I don't mean that individual Protestants are conscious of it. But it is so. Surely if our Lord meant us to find salva-

tion simply from reading the Inspired Bible, then as a mere piece of common sense He would—as He certainly could—have imparted to the Apostles the secret of printing, and I need not say *His* printing press would have thrown all our up-to-date machinery into the shade.”

Tom felt himself driven from his last defence. Still he tried to rally for a last stand. “Well,” he persisted doggedly, “we’ll leave the Pharisee business alone. But what about those Jews praised somewhere . . . Yes, I’ve got the place—Acts xvii. 11—‘because they received the word in all readiness and searched the scriptures daily whether these things were so?’”

“O Protestantism, how you do addle people’s brains!”

“Arguments, Jack! arguments, if *you* please, not speechifying.”

“Right you are, Tom, arguments you shall have, as satisfying as Mrs. Claughton’s black puddings. First, tell me, what was this ‘word’ which the Berean Jews ‘received in all readiness’?”

“Why, the Word of God—the Bible, of course!”

“Of course nothing of the sort! In Scripture ‘receiving the word’ means accepting the *oral teaching*, the preaching of God’s messenger—in this case, Paul or Silas.”

Tom shook his head sceptically.

“Why, Tom, if it didn’t, what on earth would be the sense of the Bible’s adding that they daily examined the Scriptures to see ‘*whether these things were so?*’ Clearly they were testing things *spoken* by the things *written*.”

“Well—yes—yes——. But then, Jack, that’s just what I say. They tested doctrines by the Bible only, and that’s what we Protestant Christians do. You blame us. The Bible praises us: so you contradict the Inspired Word.”

“O mercy!” ejaculated Spindle in despair. “Why, Tom, *what* were these ‘things’ which the Jews sought to find written?”

“Doctrines, surely.”

"Yes! But *Christian* doctrines, eh?"

"Yes——oh! no! no! You caught me there once before. They couldn't, of course, find Christian doctrines, as these were not then written."

"Bravo! old man. Then it's John v. 39 all over again. What the Berean Jews sought to verify was what our Lord bade the Pharisees to verify—the identity of Jesus of Nazareth with the divinely-sent Messiah of the Old Testament prophecies. This one point established, they had to submit to the *preaching* of the 'ambassadors of Christ' *without any Bible at all*. So, *their* Christian faith, in its details, *cannot* have rested on the Bible, still less the Bible *only*. It came 'through hearing,' as St. Paul says it must. If *your* faith comes another way, so much the worse for it. It has an *unscriptural* basis."

"Then do you mean to say, Jack, that the Scripture is not to be believed in?"

"Far from it, old man. What I mean is that it is not the one source from which each individual is to ascertain for himself, and unguided, what doctrines are to be believed in. I also mean that the early converts to Christianity most certainly had to do without the Bible altogether, as far as their learning the Christian faith was concerned."

"Well, then," retorted Claughton, "it seems that the Bible is out of it altogether."

"Not so. It is *one* of the sources of Christian truth. But we should never have known it was, still less have been able to ascertain its real meaning in difficult places, except for *another* source of truth, *viz.*, the teaching of Christ's Church. How could the earlier Christians have got to know, and have handed on to us, what was inspired Scripture and what was not, except the Church of God had borne witness to the fact? So you see God ordained that preaching should come before reading. You Protestants not only invert this order designed by God, but you make the private reading and interpretation of the Bible *everything*—you make the Bible *as read* the only rule of Faith. I should fancy God's order was the better. Wouldn't you?"

Tom Claughton could hold out no longer. Yet while experiencing the awful sensation of having the ground of his Faith removed from under him, he found nothing in its place to rest upon. His friend felt deeply for him. Jack Spindle was too earnest a Catholic to satisfy himself with the vain pleasure of a controversial victory for its own sake. A remark once made to him by Father Doherty came up before his mind and seriously alarmed him. "It is very dangerous to upset the ill-grounded but sincere belief of a Protestant in the all-sufficiency of the Bible, unless you give him something to replace it." Jack, who guessed what was going on in Claughton's mind, was filled with anxiety for that bewildered soul. He was eager for Tom to unbosom himself.

"Speak out, Tom, old man. What is it you are thinking of?"

"It's no use, Jack. You have the best of the reasoning, no doubt. But don't ask me to give up the Bible, the dear, beautiful, comforting Bible! I can't do it!"

Jack was much relieved to learn what was distressing his old companion.

"Is that all, Tom? Why, who on earth asks you to give up the Bible? There's no question of that. But notice: the Bible *to you*, is practically only *what you make out* of the Bible; and your interpretation being your private opinion only, may be mistaken. Your interpretations may not square with *God's* meaning, and it is only *His* meaning that constitutes the true Bible. I'm not asking you to give it up, but rather to seek for some reliable authority that can explain its true meaning—God's meaning."

"Ah! but who is to do that for me?" asked Tom sadly, yet somewhat reassured.

"Listen, Tom. The Bible itself tells you plainly that Christ meant His religion to be *preached*, not *read*; to be *taught*, not *learnt by private study*. You remember His last precept to His apostles: 'Go ye, and *teach* all nations,' &c., not 'Go and scatter Bibles' (which didn't exist). He also said to

them : 'He that *heareth* you *heareth* me.' Again, 'and if he will not *hear the Church*' (*not*, 'if he will not read the Bible') 'let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican.' St. Paul says : 'Faith cometh from *hearing*, and hearing through the word of *Christ*,' *i.e.*, the spoken word, not the written word. The Gospel is a *word*, not a *book* ; a *message*, not a *letter*. As a fact of history, the Christian Faith was first propagated by word of mouth, by oral teaching, by preaching. There was no Bible in existence."

"But, Jack, how am I to go by the preaching? In our Church of England the preaching is all at sixes and sevens. It doesn't agree. Mr. Fillinger calls idolatry and superstition what Mr. Speakman, or 'Father' Speakman, upholds as true doctrine. When I took Bessie and Jim for an 'out' to Blackpool from Saturday to Monday, and went to two different churches on the Sunday, I heard the evening preacher refute what the morning preacher had taught. I want to save my soul. Yet if I am to go by the preaching, I can't make out what to believe," and Tom's breast heaved, and there was a sound as of sobbing.

"My dear Tom," said Jack soothingly, and taking his friend's hand, "don't be downhearted. I know well enough you are in deadly earnest about your soul. If you were not, all my talking would be only so much good breath wasted. You are not one of those butterflies who trifle with sacred things and discuss religion with Catholics for the pleasure of hearing their own voices, or out of curiosity, or to show how much they know about the beliefs of others. But do you think that your Saviour, who so loved your soul as to deliver Himself up to a cruel death in order to save it, has left you to the tender mercies of teachers with a double voice, who are therefore erring teachers, as much at sea as yourself?"

"At all events that's not *my* notion of a just and merciful Lord," replied Claughton, swallowing down the emotion that half choked him.

"And you're quite right, Tom. Our Lord who said, 'He that believeth not shall be damned,' is far

too just, and reasonable, and good, to have left you without an *infallible* guide from whom to learn *for certain* the conditions of salvation."

"But where can I find such a guide on earth?"

"Can you ask such a question? You feel that Christ must have left such a guide behind Him somewhere. One therefore exists. Which is it?"

"Ah! which is it? That's the rub. All denominations *profess* to guide you."

"Yes, but there is only *one* that claims to guide you *without possibility of mistake*—only *one* Church that *dares* to proclaim to the world that to Her *alone* Christ has given the assistance of His 'Spirit of Truth,' according to His promise in the latter chapters of St. John's Gospel."

"You mean, I suppose, your Church—the Catholic Church?"

"I do, Tom."

"Ah! but it doesn't seem to follow that the Catholic Church is the one guided by the Holy Ghost, merely because she *says* she is."

"I have *proved* that she must be. Though I fear you have not quite grasped the full force of my proof."

"I don't see it yet," answered Tom.

"Let me just repeat it. You admit, don't you, that the love and justice of the Christ who threatened eternal loss to those who do not believe His true teaching, must have provided a *sure* and *certain* guide to show what exactly that teaching is?"

"Right, so far."

"Very well. Now, since that guide or teacher *exists*, part of its duty must be *to let men know* of its existence, and also of its *inability to err*. Otherwise how are earnest seekers after the truth to know about it?"

"Yes, I see that."

"Well, then, all you have to ask yourself is this: Does *any* denomination even *profess* this infallibility of doctrine? Yes, *one* does, and *one only*—the Catholic Church. She, therefore, must be that unerring guide which our Lord's love has provided."

"Yes, Jack, that seems reasonable."

"On the other hand, all Protestant bodies who believe in the Bible, and whatever be their particular colour, say to their followers: 'There's the written Word of God. Read it, make it out for yourselves, and be saved.' Is that the language of a teacher, let alone an infallible one?"

"No; I call that not guiding people, but leaving folks to guide themselves."

"Just so, Tom; and this very fact utterly disproves their claim to guide you at all. They can have received no mandate from Christ for the purpose."

"Then it comes to this, Spindle, that I ought to become a Roman Catholic?"

"Of course it does. But you're not ripe for that yet by a long way. I suspect you have a fine crop of false notions—gathered mainly from ignorant or dishonest tracts—as to what Catholics believe and practise. For example, I would make a small bet that you think I have to pay Father Doherty money for getting my sins forgiven."

"*Don't* you?" exclaimed Tom, in blank astonishment.

"I don't like using strong language, Claughton, so I leave you to guess what word I should like to qualify that ridiculous lie with. But more of that another time. We've had enough discussion for to-night."

"*I've* had enough, any way," grimly replied Claughton.

"Heavens," exclaimed Spindle, looking at his watch and starting up, "it's close on ten o'clock, and Aunt Jane will be nearly in fits, thinking me lost, strayed, or stolen. Good-night."

"Till next Sunday, Jack, and don't fail me."

Jack was off at a brisk pace; but before going home he called on the way at Father Doherty's to ask his reverence to offer up a Mass as soon as possible "for a *special intention*." Any Catholic reader will guess what that intention was, viz., for the conversion of a Protestant family to the Faith. The Sunday discussions at Blossom Cottage con-

tinued week by week, until at length Tom and his wife, accompanied by young Jimmy, offered themselves to Father Doherty for instruction in the Catholic Faith.

It was Sunday evening once more, in the middle of September, and the Claughton family were gathered together in the cottage garden, Jack Spindle being added to the party. That morning father, mother, and son had made their First Communion in St. Joseph's Chapel. Jack, too, had knelt by their side at the communion rails, full of gratitude to God for having been chosen as the means of bringing his friends into the true fold.

"Well, Jack, old fellow, under God we owe our happiness to-day to your efforts. What say you to that, Bessie, wife?"

"I'll not say, Tom, but that Mr. Jack has been most helpful, of course. But it strikes me—though I say it as shouldn't—it was mainly my black puddings as did it."

"Quite right, Mrs. Claughton," said Jack merrily. "God's greatest gifts often hang upon the merest trifles in daily life. I vote that we always honour the anniversary of this happy day with a dish of black puddings."

"Oh, I say!" cried Jimmy, snapping his fingers, "won't that be scrumptious, just!"

The Truth about Convents

BY JAMES BRITTEN, K.S.G.

THE advocates and supporters of that kind of Protestantism which is embodied in such organizations as the Protestant Alliance and other even less reputable bodies, are characterized by certain peculiarities. Among these are a boundless credulity and a readiness (I might even say an anxiety) to believe the most appalling charges against the largest body of Christians in the world, and especially against the morals of the teachers and practisers of that religion. The credulity is evidenced, not only by the inherent absurdity of many of the statements which are greedily accepted, but by the alacrity with which the fictions of each new "ex-priest" or "ex-nun" are received as evidence against the Church from which they have, in many cases, been dismissed, or to which they have never belonged. It matters nothing to the Protestant of the Alliance or Kensit type that the antecedents of such persons are too often borne out by their subsequent career; the exposure of one such fraud in no way prevents the adoption of the next who presents himself (or herself).

The absence of common charity among Alliance Protestants is remarkable. Did they content themselves with saying that abuses might arise in convents,

no one could controvert them ; it would be equally impossible to deny that the knives intended for use at dinner might be employed for murderous purposes. Most of us, it is to be hoped, would rather believe good than bad of our fellow-creatures, even when they differ from us in opinion ; the Alliance Protestant indignantly resents the suggestion that convents, for example, are not necessarily dens of iniquity. The testimony even of Protestant historians is set aside when it happens to be favourable to Catholics, although it is eagerly accepted when it goes against them. Sir Walter Besant, for instance, speaking of pre-Reformation times, says : " I have nowhere found a single word breathed against the nuns of London by poet, satirist, or reformer ¹ " ; and a writer in the *Leisure Hour* (one of the organs of the Religious Tract Society) tells his readers that " never at any time was one syllable breathed against the morals, or the piety, or the austerity of the Carthusian monks in London. ² " But when the attention of Mrs. Arbuthnot, the editor of the *Protestant Woman*, is called to this latter testimony, her comment is characteristic : " To this statement we can only reply, ' Then they must have been utterly unlike *all other monks* ! ³ ' "

To such lengths can prejudice run that even the witness of those who have unhappily left the Church, and who rank themselves among her opponents, is not considered worthy of credence, when it runs counter to the Protestant view. The want of logic which characterizes Protestantism is, of course, manifest enough ; but can it be carried farther than by the rejection of all evidence which does not square with preconceived opinions ? Catholics may say, " The evidence of an apostate is tainted ; we will not avail ourselves of it " : but surely Protestants have no right to accept such details as fit in with

¹ *London*, December 16, 1897, p. 969.

² *Leisure Hour*, 1897, p. 439.

³ *Protestant Woman*, August, 1897.

their tradition, and to reject those which do not support it.

Not only, however, do they do this, but in certain instances they do not scruple to urge upon the unhappy perverts who have joined their ranks the narration of suitable horrors invented for their purpose. I am aware that this is a serious charge, but I shall have no difficulty in substantiating it.

But before bringing forward the testimony favourable to convents of those who have left the Church and who bear witness against her, I am anxious to make it quite clear that I bring no charge against the Protestants of this country, as a whole, of supporting those who calumniate the Church or her religious. The great bulk of English opinion is, if not absolutely favourable to, at least tolerant of, monks and nuns; and the development within the Anglican Establishment of numerous and successful communities of women, and fewer (and less successful) communities of men, in many cases under definite episcopal sanction and with ecclesiastical approval, is sufficient proof how they are regarded by a large and important section of Englishmen. Even among the Nonconformists, communities of "sisters" have been established. The attitude of those who are indifferent to all religious manifestation is by no means unfriendly; the same may be said of the tone of the press.

The active opposition which exists, is fostered and developed by two classes of persons—those who make a living out of it, and those whose ignorant prejudice and marvellous credulity induce them to supply the funds necessary for carrying it on. Prominent among the former class are the Protestant Alliance, whose secretary is paid £400 a year; the Protestant Truth Society¹ (*i.e.*, Mr. John Kensit, who

¹ Of this body *Truth* writes (January 11, 1894): "I gather that the "Protestant Truth Society" is J. Kensit, *plus* any noodles who will send him money for the objects of the Society: that the executive is Kensit; and that the objects of

says that the Society was "formed really *to help me* in the circulation of literature I have published"); the Protestant Evangelical Mission; and many more.¹ The prototype of these worthies is Demetrius the silversmith, who, "calling the craftsmen together, with the workmen of like occupation, said: *Sirs, you know that our gain is by this trade*, and you see that this Paul hath drawn away a great multitude, so that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought, but also the temple of great Diana shall be reputed for nothing."² But Demetrius had an advantage in honesty over his modern followers, for he frankly put his own gain first and Diana second; whereas the Protestant lecturers and secretaries put a professed zeal for religion in the forefront.

Those who make their living out of the business are hopeless. Some will say that those who support them are equally so; but their very generosity in maintaining what they believe to be right induces the hope that they may be willing to hear the other side. No Christian man or woman can really wish to believe that the creed which embraces the largest number of Christians, the religion which is professed by thousands of their fellow-countrymen, the institutions which number among their inmates representatives of the noblest and best in the land—are blasphemous assumptions and abodes of iniquity. Even if they accept the testimony of her recreant children against the Church, they will be at least as willing to hear

the Society are to purchase and distribute the publications of Kensit. If sectarian bigotry induces Protestants to pay money to Kensit on such terms, they deserve to lose it. This, however, is by no means saying that Kensit deserves to get it."

¹ In 1894 the Protestant Reformation Society spent in salaries £2,012 5s. 6d. out of an income of £2,715 3s. 3d.; the Church Association spent £4,022 17s. 6d. in salaries out of an income of £8,748 5s. 3d., of which £1,500 was borrowed from the bankers; the Scripture Readers' Society for Ireland spent in salaries £3,294 os. 9d., of which only £2,343 8s. 2d. came from subscriptions and donations, the remainder being made up of legacies, &c.

² *Acts* xix. 25, 26.

what these have to say in her defence. To them, therefore, I appeal; and I base my appeal on the evidence of those who have no goodwill towards the Church they have deserted, but who see that no cause is to be advanced by perjury and falsehood.

WHAT THE NUN OF KENMARE SAYS.

Miss Cusack, for many years the most conspicuous member of the community of Poor Clares at Kenmare, left the Catholic Church in the summer of 1888. How she entered the Church and how she left it is narrated in her book, *The Truth about Convent Life*, and at greater length in *The Story of my Life*. In the course of her former book she expresses herself strongly as to the attitude adopted by Protestants towards Catholics in general and nuns in particular: the following are some out of many passages bearing upon this subject.

CONVENT INSPECTION.

So far as the inspection of "institutions established by and under the control of Sisters, such as schools, orphanages, homes for old people," &c., is concerned, Miss Cusack is in its favour. But she says: "The vile charges which have been made by a certain class of Protestants against Sisters will, I fear, very much hinder the carrying out of such a measure, as *it has disgusted the sensible and thinking portion of the public*" (p. 193). "A certain class of Protestants cannot understand that Rome can have any motive except a bad one for keeping sisters in seclusion, but persons with larger minds, and who are not incapacitated [*sic*] by prejudice from using their reasoning powers, will see that there may be another side to this question" (p. 192). "Those who are most urgent to have convents inspected have shown little judgement in their efforts for this end, and *instead of gaining the ear of the public they have repelled them*. When the public see that *these Protestants will believe any statements, no matter how absurd or self-contradic-*

lory, and will not tolerate any one, no matter how well informed, who does not speak as they wish, they turn from the subject in disgust which ends in indifference" (p. 191).

"EX-NUN" LECTURERS.

Miss Cusack's testimony regarding "ex-nun" lecturers and her contempt for the credulity of those who support them, are noteworthy. She had almost succeeded in establishing "a quiet mission for Romanists in New York," when "a woman came forward with the most marvellous statements about convent life, which quite threw my narratives of fact into the shade. The woman had never been a Sister, and was not only unreliable, but actually criminal in her conduct. But she was sensational to the highest degree, and that was sufficient to secure her success. I refused to go on any platform with her, and thereby incurred the bitter enmity of her supporters, who were amongst the very best families of Boston. After they had expended thousands of pounds on her, they at last discovered who and what she was; but I received scant thanks for having tried to save them from the scandal of renouncing publicly one whom they had so long held up to the admiration of the public. My long experience of convent life and of many religious orders enabled me to detect falsehood in statements which she made which would not have been apparent to others. From inquiries which I made through friends in England I got her whole miserable history. *But it seems that no amount of failure will save Protestants from the grossest impositions*" (p. 184).

ELLEN GOLDING.

Miss Cusack got into trouble with Protestants in England because she at once perceived that "the Rescued Nun" was a liar of the most pronounced type, and warned them against her. It is difficult to believe that little more than four years since, this

wretched woman, with her showman, a man named Edward Littleton, was stumping the country and attracting large audiences. *Where is she now?* No collapse has ever been more complete; yet a bill, issued only four years ago, is before me announcing her lectures at Norwich, with a J.P. in the chair, supported by the presence of six Anglican rectors and vicars, and by the sympathy of at least one more vicar, as well as a canon "unable to be present through indisposition." There is no need to slay the slain; Ellen Golding is not likely to appear again, and, if she does, Father Sydney Smith's pamphlet,¹ which routed her before, is ready for use; but it is worth while to note the attitude of Protestants towards Miss Cusack, when she denounced Ellen Golding in the following terms:—

"I must say, after many years' experience of convent life, and a far wider experience than any escaped or rescued nun ever had, I never saw anything even approaching the horrible accusations which have been made by Miss Golding. In making this statement I am well aware that I am doing an exceeding rash action, but, as a Christian woman, truth is infinitely dearer to me than popularity or wealth. . . . I know that this statement of truth will still further divide me from the class of Protestants who support only those who say what agrees with their preconceived ideas. If I were to tell you of *what I have been made to suffer* by persons of this class, professing to be Christians, *because I would neither make statements which I knew to be false* nor endorse statements made by others which I doubted, Miss Golding's case would perhaps be better understood."

This is an extract from a letter contributed by Miss Cusack to the *Bournemouth Observer* of Nov. 8, 1893, when Ellen Golding had set Bournemouth by the ears; it is reprinted in *The Truth about Convent*

¹ *Ellen Golding, the Rescued Nun.* C.T.S., 1d.

Life, p. 198, and contains abundant reasons for doubting Miss Golding's statements. Miss Cusack was attacked for having published it by Mr. Walter Walsh, of the *English Churchman* and *Protestant Observer*, to whom her reply is sufficiently trenchant: "Of course I cannot profess to compete with Mr. Walsh's knowledge of convent life. I can merely state what I know of my own personal knowledge, and add my strongest testimony that I know how all these scandalous charges will be brought to the knowledge of those against whom they are made, and thus seriously injure the very cause which the supporters and those who make them have sincerely at heart" (*The Truth about Convent Life*, p. 207).

In another part of her book (p. 189) Miss Cusack tells the result of her plain speaking: "The editor of a leading Christian paper promised to give an advance notice of the present work. This, however, he has suddenly and most unexpectedly refused to do, because I have criticized Miss Golding's statements. I have also received most impertinent private letters on the same subject. Now, surely, whether Miss Golding's statements are proved eventually to be well-founded or otherwise, it is neither Protestant nor Christian to boycott me, and to cause me suffering and heavy pecuniary loss because I have expressed an opinion on the subject. Surely the public has a right to hear every side of such an important question. . . . God knows what I have suffered and am suffering for the truth, but worst of all is the greivous [*sic*] injury which Protestants are doing thereby to the cause which they profess to have at heart. . . . Roman Catholics will never be won when charges are made against them which they know to be false, and indifferent Protestants will never become active helpers in our efforts to save England from the yoke of Rome when they find that *sensational statements are preferred to facts*, and that *those who gratify the public with such statements are supported, considered, and encouraged, while*

those who speak words of warning in soberness and truth are cast aside and persecuted."

EDITH O'GORMAN ON ELLEN GOLDING.

There may perhaps be some who will feel with Mr. Walter Walsh that Miss Cusack's evidence is to be received with suspicion, and that her statements are not "wise," as he gracefully puts it. But no such exception can be taken to the testimony of Edith O'Gorman, whose lectures vie with Ellen Golding's in sensationalism, and who still remains an ornament of the Protestant platform. Miss O'Gorman, having in vain appealed to Miss Golding "not to deviate one iota from the simple truth of her real experience," felt it necessary to denounce her statements as "grossly exaggerated," and "so discrepant as to be palpable to both Protestants and Papists." She accused her of having "invented deliberate falsehoods about murders, poisonings, and gross immoralities in convents." These sentences are extracted from a letter in the *Surrey Mirror* of February 17, 1894. A fortnight later Miss O'Gorman reiterated the charges, and incidentally confirmed Miss Cusack's view as to the hopelessness of trying to warn Protestants against frauds of this kind. "The cause of God's truth," she says, "has been hindered before by similar false testimony in the case of Dr. Keating and F. G. Widdows, the last-named now serving his ten years' sentence in prison, and whom I warned the Protestant public against at the time." It may be said incidentally that the "ten years' sentence" proved no more successful as a warning than Miss O'Gorman's words; Mr. Widdows, on his release from prison, resumed his pastorate of the Martin Luther Church at Hackney, and was recognized as a fellow-worker by Mr. Job Williams and other supporters of the Protestant Alliance.

THE CONFESSIONS OF PENITENTS.

There remains yet another class of evidence which

may be commended to thoughtful Protestants. When the ex-nun comes to die, unless she has entirely fallen away from religion, the thought of the account she will have to give before the God of all Truth comes upon her, and in His boundless mercy the poor wretch finds a place for repentance. This was the case with Mary Windsor, afterwards White, whose death-bed repentance is quoted from an American paper (the *New York Freeman's Journal*) in the *Catholic News* for February 20, 1897 :—

"Mrs. Mary M. White, *née* Windsor, made a statement before a notary public at Annapolis, Md., in which she refuted all she has said about the Catholic Church and the life of nuns. Mrs. White died on the 25th January at the residence of her brother, on West Street, Annapolis. Mrs. White's lecture in Annapolis in 1883, in which she exhibited herself as an escaped nun, attracted some attention at the time. Her death-bed confession was stated by those present to be purely voluntary on her part. It was made to Revs. Thomas Hanley and John Cook, who are engaged in parish work. They had been summoned Thursday morning at her request. Mrs. White made complete retractation, and subsequently received the Sacraments of the Catholic Church. She was buried on Wednesday in the Catholic cemetery. During her lecture Mrs. White, who was then Miss Windsor, made serious charges against certain priests; she recalled the names of those she had defamed and exonerated each of them, thus confessing her sin. She had been one of the Sisters of Charity at the convent near Eager and Valley Streets, Baltimore, but was not a nun. She had taken the novice or candidate degree. Notary Public J. Randall Magruder, who took the deposition of Mrs. White, stated that she seemed to be penitent and recognized him as he entered the room. He had asked if Mrs. White was in a condition to make an affidavit, and was assured she was. In administering the oath he asked if she wished to sign or make her mark. She said she

desired to write her name on the document, which she requested to be prepared, as she was too weak herself to write it. Notwithstanding her weak condition, she fully realized her responsibility, and was perfectly competent, the notary says, of signing a valid instrument. Her conversation during her illness, which lasted thirteen days, was chiefly with a desire to make amends. She was thirty years old. Mrs. White separated from her husband several years ago."

Others find a place for repentance even in this life, as we learn from the case of Lucy Mason, otherwise "Florence Hastings," reported in the *Monitor*¹ of Launceston, Australia. Hers was the usual career of an "escaped nun." She lectured in various towns, uttering loathsome calumnies against priests and nuns, and for a time had a good run. But at length remorse seized her, and she retired to a home for penitents in Dublin, whence she wrote to many, retracting the falsehoods which she had uttered during her lecturing campaign. One of her letters runs: "I entreat your attention to the following facts. I deeply regret and seriously deplore the evil influence that ruled over my callous heart. Encouraged by the cruel spirit of revenge, I related to you the foulest and basest calumnies against the Roman Catholic Church, its doctrines, its priests—its most zealous and devoted ministers—and its nuns. I recall every word I uttered. I declare it to be all falsehood of the blackest hue. I was urged on by my wicked passion of revenge. Justice demands reparation before I am called to face the eternal Sun of Justice, who will demand a vigorous account of my shameful, cruel, and unjust calumnies. May my repentance move you to treat all such calumnies as the fruit of evil passions." Surely those who espouse the cause of "escaped" and "rescued" nuns cannot afford to overlook such testimonies as these?

¹ The date is not appended to the printed slip from which I quote.

HOW CASES ARE GOT UP.

I have said that stories are deliberately manufactured for the use of pretended ex-nuns, and I proceed to give evidence which establishes this fact.

1. In the case of Miss Golding, no less a person than Miss O'Gorman deliberately charges Mr. Edward Littleton with fraud. Mr. Littleton, "the egregious gentleman under whose auspices Miss Golding purveyed her fictions,"¹ is the son of a minister, and was, at the time when his name was before the public, the secretary of a body called the North Sussex Protestant Parliamentary Council—a mysterious organization, regarding which it was impossible to obtain any particulars. Mr. Littleton, by means of undue pressure, obtained the signature of Miss Golding's sister to a document written by him, which she subsequently repudiated. Miss O'Gorman (Mrs. Auffray) in the *Surrey Mirror*, to which I have already referred, says that Littleton was "Miss Golding's partner in the business, and shared the profits of her lectures with her." This throws light on Mr. Littleton's enthusiasm for Protestant principles, but it by no means exhausts what Mrs. Auffray has to say of him. She speaks of "the grossly exaggerated statements made by Miss Golding since she came under his very sensational management"; Miss Golding "had not invented the deliberate falsehoods about murder, poisonings, and gross immoralities" until Mr. Littleton "took her up"; since he "became her partner in the lecturing profits" her simple story was advertised by him as "sensational and soul-thrilling"; and Mrs. Auffray concludes by saying, "I utterly condemn the course he has taken, and hold him responsible for most of the discredit brought on the cause."

To this series of charges Mr. Littleton replied that Mrs. Auffray ought to be prosecuted for libel; thereupon Mrs. Auffray said, "Let him sue me for libel if

¹ *Truth*, March 8, 1894.

he dare, for I have proof of all I assert, and for more than I have yet asserted." Mr. Littleton did not accept this invitation. She then accused him of having deceived her, of having "glaringly deviated from the actual facts"; described him as "more interested in his share of the profits than in the cause of Protestantism"; and added, "his deliberate perversion of facts took my breath away."

It is painfully clear from this narrative that Mr. Littleton was the inventor of Miss Golding's personal reminiscences.

2. Miss Cusack does not give us the names of those who wished her to say things that were not true, but she leaves us in no doubt as to her having been asked to do so. "If I were to tell something of what I have been made to suffer by persons professing to be Christians, *because I would neither make statements which I knew to be false, nor endorse statements made by others which I doubted*, Miss Golding's case would perhaps be better understood." Mr. Walter Walsh might well say that this utterance was, from his point of view, not "wise." Again: "As for private lectures to ladies, I might be a rich woman by now if I had consented to give them. I do not know how any one denouncing immoralities in convents could possibly either listen to or give such addresses; it is simply doing what they condemn Rome for doing. *No doubt they think that the end justifies the means*" (*The Truth about Convent Life*, p. 202).

"THE WHITE NUN."

3. No doubt they do; but the "means" seem to require considerable justification, as was shown in the case of the "White Nun," whose brief career in Glasgow, in March, 1894, came to an ignominious ending;¹ not, however, before the customary uproar had been created. The Littleton of this occasion

¹ A full account of the case will be found in the *Glasgow Observer* for March and April, 1894.

was one Evans, a "General" in the Salvation Army; and his method was so simple that it might almost be called crude. The "converted nun" was one Sarah McCormack, a Glasgow mill-girl who became a domestic servant; the convent from which she escaped was stated to be that at Lanark—in which it is perhaps needless to say she never set foot: "I was never in Lanark Convent in my life—never even in the grounds of it!" said the wretched girl, when she was brought to book. Leith and Edinburgh were honoured by her visits, and at the latter place she was arrested by the police on a charge of "falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition." She was sentenced at Glasgow to seven days' imprisonment, which the Scottish papers agreed in considering a singularly inadequate sentence.

The man Evans, who was also before the court as an aider and abettor, was dismissed with the Scotch verdict "not proven," which means "we cannot say you are innocent, but are not precisely able to find you guilty." There can, however, be little doubt that the responsibility for the business lay at his door; and certainly Evans obtained the funds—amounting to some £60 or £70—giving his tool 10s. a week. It was he who provided the wretched girl with the material on which to base her addresses: "You gave me the books *Maria Monk* and *Edith O'Gorman*, and said, 'Now, Sarah, I want you to study these books, and you must get things out of them for to-night.'" This was the girl's sworn testimony, and from it she refused to depart. Two Catholics went to Evans to protest against the outrage, but, as one of Evans's allies said, "We utterly disbelieved them, simply because they were Roman Catholics, and they will say any lie against a Protestant." The effrontery of such a statement under the circumstances takes one's breath away. Moreover, the delectable pair laid in a stock of *Maria Monk*—a work usually to be found in shops for the sale of indecent literature and in Mr. Kensit's establishment—for sale at

the lectures ! Surely every decent person, Protestant or Catholic, will endorse the words of the prosecutor : " Foolish and wicked though this girl was, the man charged with her was worse than she. He was a direct participator in the fraud. He had used her as a means of gaining money and fomenting religious discord ; and the injury that had been done was not so much to the Catholic Church, not so much to Protestantism, as to the cause of religion."

AN OUTSIDER'S TESTIMONY.

Throughout this pamphlet I have carefully refrained from citing the testimony of Catholics in favour of their nuns. In conclusion I will quote the opinion of an American freethinker, a Mr. Brann, editor of the *Texas Iconoclast*, who is not likely to be unduly prejudiced in our favour. In the course of an article on " Ex-priest Slattery," which appeared in his paper in July, 1895, he offers the following tribute to nuns. The reference with which it concludes is to Slattery, who, under the patronage of the Protestant Alliance, has lately come over to this country, and has been lecturing in Manchester and elsewhere :—

" Who is it that visits the slums of our great cities, ministering to the afflicted, comforting the dying, reclaiming the fallen ? When pestilence sweeps over the land, and mothers desert their babes and husbands their wives, who is it that presses the cup of cold water to the feverish lips and closes the staring eyes of the deserted dead ? Who was it that went upon the Southern battlefields to minister to the wounded soldiers, followed them to the hospitals and tenderly nursed them back to life ? The Roman Catholic sisterhoods, God bless them !

" One of those angels of mercy can walk unattended and unharmed through our ' Reservation ' at midnight. She can visit with impunity the most degraded dive in the Whitechapel district. At her coming the ribald song is stilled, and the oath dies

on the lips of the loafer. Fallen creatures reverently touch the hem of her garment, and men, steeped in crime to the very lips, involuntarily remove their hats as a tribute to noble womanhood. The very atmosphere seems to grow sweet with her coming, and the howl of all hell's demons is silent. None so low in the barrel-house, the gambling den, or the brothel, as to breathe a word against her good name; but when we turn to the Baptist pulpit, there we find an inhuman monster, clad in God's livery, crying, 'Unclean! unclean!' God help a religious denomination that will countenance such an infamous cur!"

I commend these last words to the attention of the Protestant Alliance and its supporters.

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